Vol. CXXIX. No. 1680

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THE BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 26, 1930

The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER

CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . .

On and after February 28th, 1936, the address of "The Bystander" will be changed to Illustrated House, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Communications regarding subscriptions, editorial submissions, advertisements, and all correspondence should be sent to this address.

New Telephone Number:

CENTRAL 1010

Telegrams: "Bygraphica, Lud, London."

The Bystander, February 26, 1936

The BYSTANDER

No. 1680. Vol. CXXIX.

Howard Coster

Henri Bernstein

Playwright, of Paris

Of the two plays that will absorb the first-night know-alls to-night, one is by Henri Bernstein, the French dramatist. It was called "Espoir," in Paris, where it had a brilliant run; in the translated version by H. M. Harwood it's called "Promise," is at the Shaftesbury, and catalogues as a family comedy, with Ralph Richardson as papa, Madge Titheradge as his second wife, and Edna Best and Ann Todd as daughters of mammas one and two. Bernstein has produced "Promise"; he speaks English well, and has been known to London as a fine play-writer since before the war. He has a theatre of his own in Paris, the Gymnase

There's Still Swiss Snow News

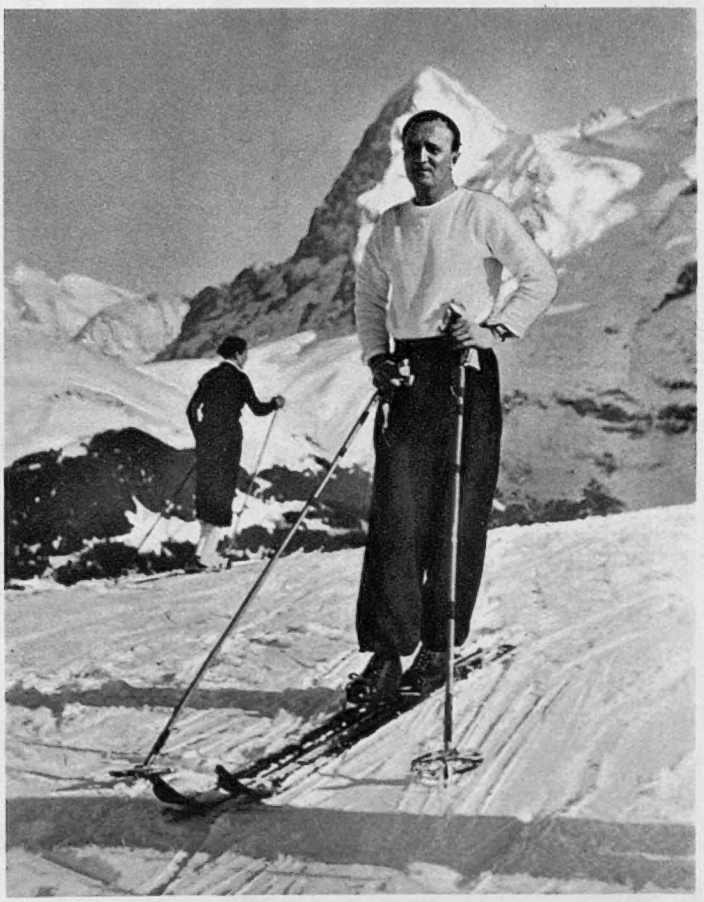
Though the Home Trains Are Getting More Crowded

Lady Haddington

Has been in Switzerland with her husband, but came back last week. They are both good skiers; and Lady Haddington, as a Canadian should be, is also a skating star

Right: little Vicky Tanfield is the five-year-old daughter of Mrs. Tanfield, an American who owns a Swiss chalet. Vicky is as happy on her skis as any of the natives

Vicky Tanfield



Capt. J. P. Black

Has been ski-ing at Mürren. He is the managing director of the Standard Motor Company, and takes his holidays energetically. His white "wind-cheater" is one of the ideas skiers have borrowed from American college boys

Mrs. "Togo" Watney

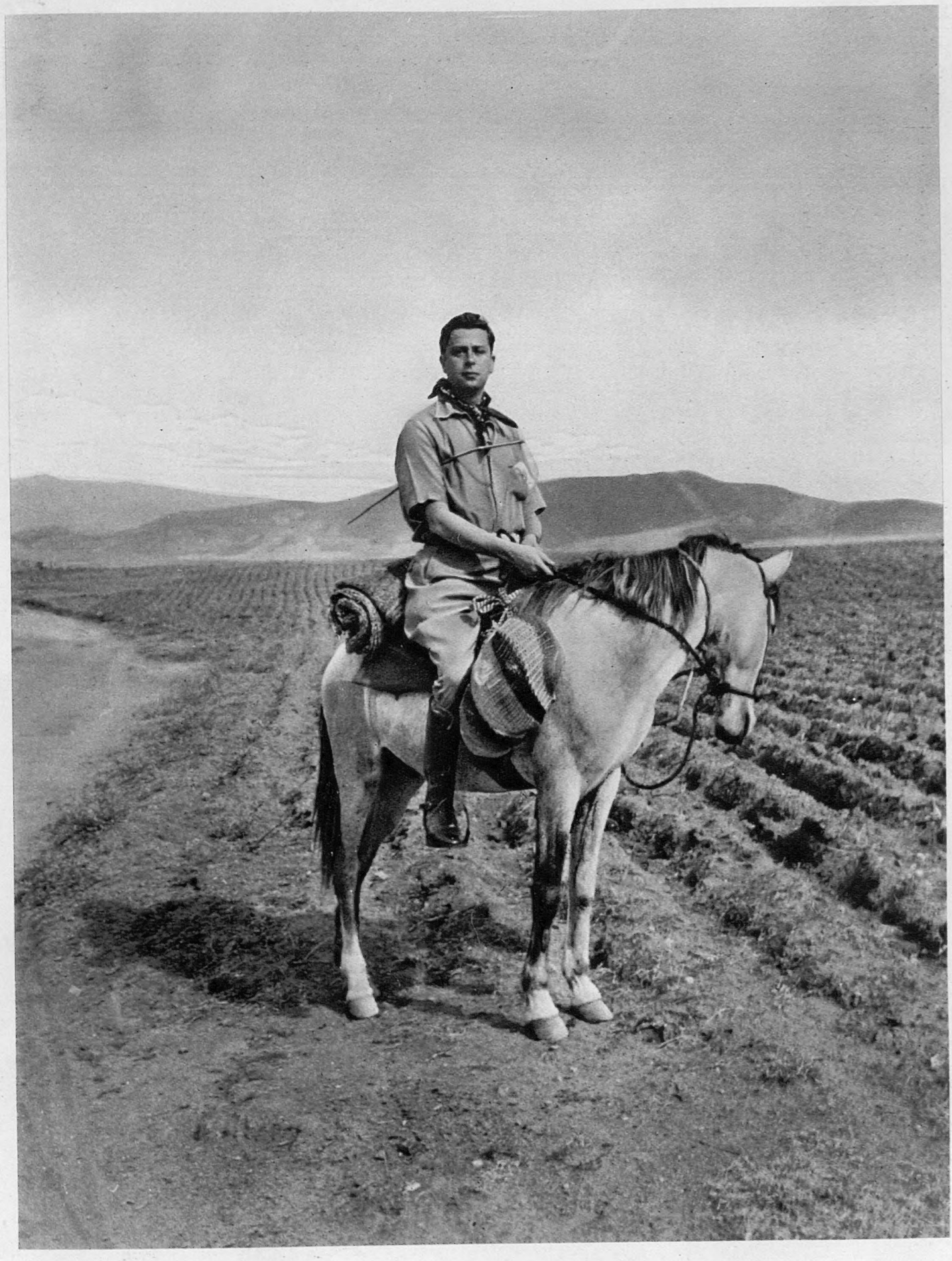
Mrs. Watney was "Kirstie" Nelson and married Oliver Watney two years ago. She went to the Engadine for her snow and sun holiday

Early Start

Lady Elizabeth Coke and Lt.-Com. Peter du Cane have been in the same party in Switzerland. Lady Elizabeth Coke's husband, the Hon. Thomas Coke, is Equerry to the Duke of York, and had already gone back to work

Miss Nina Gartman

Is a niece of Sir Henri and Lady Deterding and stayed with them at their chalet in Switzerland where Lady Deterding gives very good Sunday parties



John van Druten

Pilgrim to Mexico

This little horse and John van Druten have been seeing Mexico together, as a change from the New York hurly-burly that van Druten endured all winter. After writing his book (it's in the publisher's hands now), he wanted a holiday and set off for Tahiti via Mexico. Popocatapetl impressed him so much he decided to stay near it; has taken a house in Mexico City and won't be back in England for some months. His last play, "Most of the Game," with Robert Douglas and Dorothy Hyson in it, had a brief Broadway run in the autumn—a light and sparkling comedic wine with too little body to prevent its quick evaporation

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

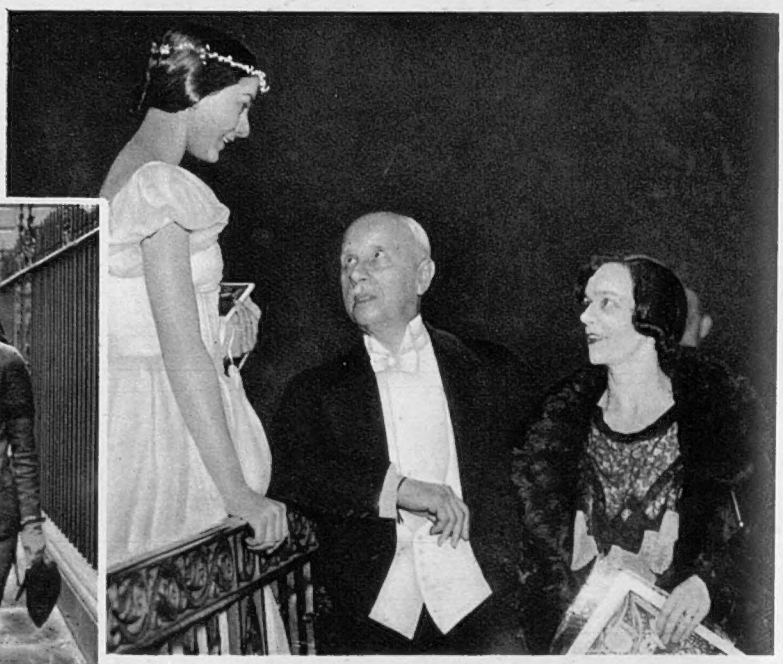
The "Bystander" in Society

Wedding Guests

Miss Diana Clarke had the bridegroom's brother, Mr. G. Murray Smith, as escort at Mr. G. A. Murray Smith's wedding to Miss Ulrica Thynne

Right: Mrs. Robert Laycock and Miss Jackie Hance were two more of the guests at the Murray Smith-Thynne wedding

Mrs. Robert Laycock and Miss Hance



An Evening for Balletomanes

Miss Margot Fonteyne, of the Vic-Wells ballet, talking to M. Dandrè, who was Pavlova's husband, and Miss Phyllis Bedells at the gala presentation of the film, "The Immortal Swan" at the Regal, in aid of the Pavlova Memorial Fund

THE best-looking couple in London were dining at the Aperitif Grill last Monday night, and there is no contradicting that statement when we tell you that it is Lord and Lady Warwick that we are referring to.

Lord Warwick has been globe-trotting all over the place, and looks extraordinarily well after his ramblings.

Two scratch golfers were also dining there that night: Mr. John de Forest and Mr. Eustace Storey; while others in the restaurant were the lovely Miss Ulrica Thynne, with her fiancé (they were married two days later), and Mr. Charles Birkin, who had been up to Liverpool to see his niece, Penelope Dudley Ward, play an important part in *Death Takes a Holiday*.

Moving Upwards

WE hear that Mr. Birkin is moving next month into an enviable, most modern pent-house, in Portman Square.

These skyscraper flats on the top of the new high buildings are much sought after. They mean sun and light and air, a view possibly of Hampstead Heath, and almost certainly a roof-garden.

Captain Jumbo Joliffe is another who is moving higher, his particular pent-house being in Lansdowne House, with an enchanting view of the tops of all the trees in Berkeley Square.

Why So Long?

As a double turn, we find Marion and Jack Harris irresistible! The former returned to the Café de Paris last week after many months. Why so many, we ask ourselves, or Mr. Poulsen, for a better cabaret star you will very rarely see.

She has some good numbers, too, and, whether she is singing a "gooey" song in a "little girl" way, or a heartbreaking blues, it's all the same to her (and to us, if she sings it).

The two most attractive young women in the "Café" that night were Mrs. Sweeney, who, of course, was dancing with her husband, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, with a young man who, having just embarked on a serious political career, might be embarrassed if we stress his terpsichorean achievements.

Lady Mary Dunn was there, too, with a little blue bow in her hair, and that look of dimpled, sunburnt, youthful good nature that makes her about the most popular of all Mayfair's young marrieds.

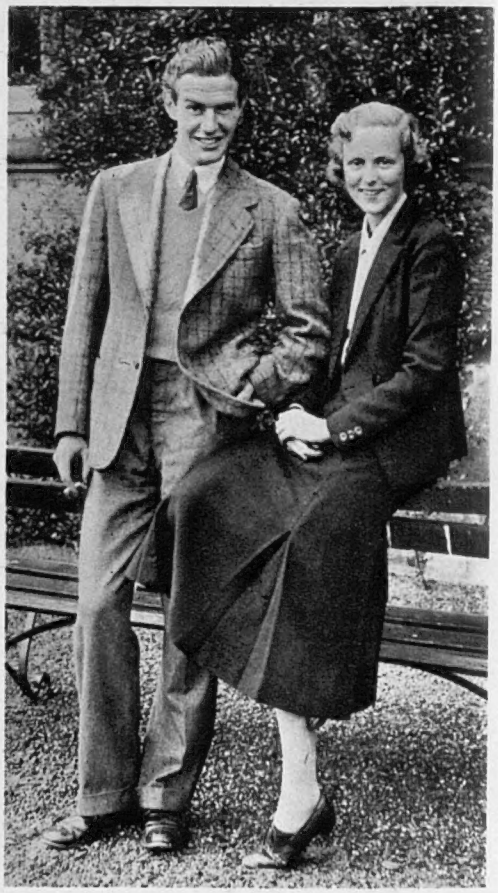
Youthful Genius

A DIMPLE in the chin, and a somewhat forward movement of very good teeth, are distinguishing features of both Marion Harris's children, and they obviously inherit talent as well as looks from their mother.

Mary Ellen, the eldest, is a brunette and extraordinarily clever. She must be about seventeen or so, and just what the "discoverers" are missing if they don't book up this flapper quickly, is nobody's business.

Her little brother, Sonny, is also amazingly clever, one of his best numbers being that maddening hurdy-gurdy ditty, "The Music Goes Round and Round."

(*Continued on page* 334)



Engaged Couple

The Hon. Robert Dundas and Miss Margaret Connell Ross are being married in March. He is Viscount Melville's younger brother, and she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Connell Ross, of Monkwood House, Ayrshire

"Rumba"

Eve, the contortionist dancer, posed for this rumba study by Norman Parkinson. She was a Cochran discovery in 1931 and has worked for him ever since; appears like this in the Cuban scene in "Follow the Sun." She's of Scottish descent, surprisingly enough

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON

(Continued from page 332)

To hear these children at their best, you have to be lucky (as we were) and call on " Marion " in her reception room after her turn at the " Café."

Mr. A. C. Blumenthal, New York's Number One Host, was there the other night, obviously intrigued with the genius of this youthful pair, also the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, Lady Ashley, and Mr. Bobbie Sweeny, who is such a good ballroom dancer that we are always persuaded that his partner of the moment is the world's wonder on the floor.

The new Mrs. Govett, whose piquant good looks allow her to wear a pill-box hat with definite success, chose one to be married in, with a snappy suit in oyster satin to match.

There were so many " beauties " at the reception that one's thoughts harked back subconsciously to those hilarious cocktail parties at the Brook Street flat, inhabited in turn by so many well-known bachelors, Tuesday's bridegroom being the last, unless his best man, Mr. Michael Crichton, finds a " chum " to carry on the old tradition.

We were very glad to see the charming Mrs. Robert Sweeny at the reception, just recovered from a long illness, and now off to Monte Carlo.

Preposterous Millinery

In view of much preposterous millinery that one sees around and about, it was interesting to note that the really pretty young women affect the very simplest headgear. Mrs. " Foxy " Gwynne, for instance, wore a quiet little black hat; Mrs. Charlie Sweeny, a mink cap; Lady Ashley, something that did *not* disturb one's impression of her lovely face. Lady Veronica Hornby certainly exploited a version of a coal-black mammy hat that was rather odd, but then, she is ultra-smart and can do these things.

being one of the most amusing people in or out of the Brigade of Guards.

The Kenneth Waggs played bridge. She is an attractive brunette, and was Katharine Horlick before she married. She has sleek black hair, sparkling eyes, and a Parisienne dress sense.

Well Worth While

If, in the past, we have ever been bored by a film at the Curzon Cinema (which hasn't been often), we apologise for our yawns, and think them worth while in view of the delight of *Bonne Chance*, the Guitry film now showing.

It has no particular plot, and no outstanding humour, but it is as light as air, just gay, exhilarating nonsense, and makes for a perfect evening's enjoyment.

At the première on Tuesday night, we saw Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, Mrs. Dudley Ward, who gave a dinner-party at the Bon Viveur beforehand; Lady Bridget (Victor) Paget, Colonel Arthur Paget, with his tall wife and sister-in-law, Patricia Lowry-Corry, and Lord Dudley.

Afterwards, at the Bon Viveur, we ran into a couple of blonde musical comedy stars, supping with two lucky men: Miss Jane Carr, who is filming with Claude Hulbert, and Miss Lea Seidl, just off to Zurich to look at a possible play.

They Received Their Honours at the King's First Investiture

Lt. Godfrey Hamilton left the Palace wearing the D.S.O. He belongs to the 5th Batt. Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides in the Indian Army

Mr. Ernest Crutchley, Public Relations Officer to the Post Office, received his C.B. from the King; Sir Thomas Gardiner, Deputy Director of the G.P.O., was invested with his K.B.E.

A Noticeable Likeness

Lovers of portrait painting must have flocked to the Gainsborough Exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 45, Park Lane, last week. Two of the most interesting portraits are those of the Marquess of Donegal and the Earl of Belfast, in that, in their descendant of to-day there exists an amazing family likeness noticeable in very few other family portraits.

On the opening day, among the smart, black-hatted, mink-coated crowd, we noticed Mrs. Anthony Eden, handsome and intelligent; Lady Cunard, bird-like and vivacious; Mrs. Jack Gilbert, frail, fair, and full of charm; and Lady Jersey, whom Gainsborough would certainly have longed to paint were he alive to-day.

A Gay Reception

After Mrs. " Liz " Dupont's wedding to Mr. Leonard Govett, which was celebrated at St. Ethelburga's in the City last Tuesday, there was a gay and very enjoyable pre-luncheon reception at Quaglino's.

Reason for Laughter

Mrs. Richardson wore *no* hat at all, but we doubt if she 's got one, being the acknowledged head of the hatless brigade! She is a great friend of the bride's, and gave an enjoyable party two nights before the wedding at her house in Regent's Park, at which we played bridge, backgammon, and laughed a great deal.

Captain Crabb was probably the reason for the latter part of the entertainment,

● Change of Address

The " Bystander " is moving to new quarters. On and after February 29 its address will be, Illustrated House, 32/34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.

Telephone: CENTRAL 1010

Miss Judith Jackson

Miss Judith Jackson is Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's Private Secretary; she received the O.B.E. from the King at last week's Investiture

Exercised and Quiet

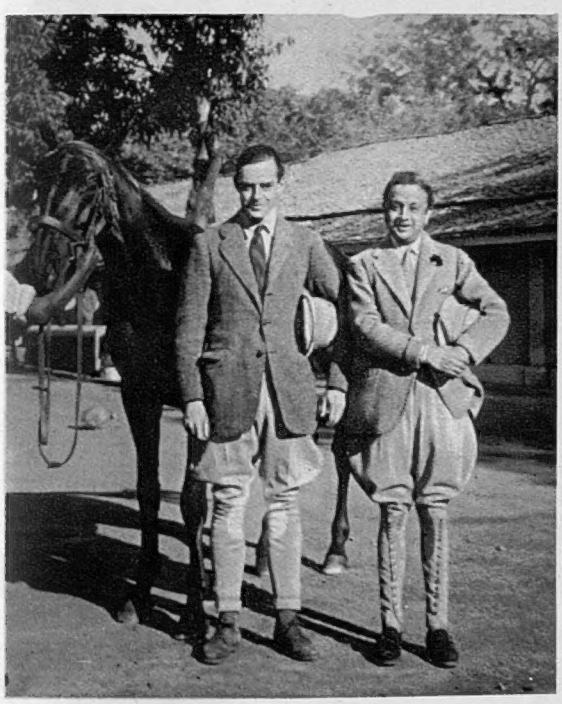
EVERYONE seems to be house-hunting, and the great spring trek to the country has begun. Week-ends are spent scouring the counties that are near enough to London for a home for the summer.

Something with plenty of bath-rooms, inoffensive furniture, easy to run, and near a golf-course to keep the men exercised and quiet — houses that can offer these advantages are snapped up like hot cakes. Searchers of the moment include the Henry Hunloke's, de Winton Wills's, and Rupert Byass's, who were "getting warm" somewhere near Windsor last Sunday.

A Cheerful Spot

FEW women in London are more deservedly popular than Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnson. She is kind, witty, and gay, and one of the lucky people in this world who seem to radiate happiness and be able to dispel gloom and depression.

Even now, when she is laid up as the result of a bad fall, her flower-filled bedroom is one of the most cheerful spots in London. Happily the injury to her spine is only a temporary one, and she is hoping to be able to get down to her seaside retreat at Hove, in a couple of weeks, to recuperate.



Guest and Host

Lord Warwick (now home again) stayed in India with the Maharajah of Rajpipla, after travelling there via Russia, Turkestan, Persia, and Afghanistan. They were photographed after an early morning ride

A Lecture on Language

THE following is a short story on the signs of the times. An old lady was lecturing her flapper granddaughter on her ways and her manners. "My dear," she said, "I put up with a great deal, and I try not to be too old-fashioned, but I find your language intolerable. There are two words especially that I must ask you not to use in my presence: they 're 'lousy' and 'stinking.'" "All right, Grandmamma," responded the culprit. "Tell me what they are!" Do you like that story, or don't you see it?

Anniversary Party

The third anniversary of their wedding was the Charles Sweenys' excuse for giving a large dinner party at the Embassy last Thursday. Miss Jeanne Stourton, much thinner and still wearing the famous dark-blue glasses, put in one of her rare party appearances. She is a serious and intelligent young woman and one of the world's best workers. The Kenneth Waggs, Kenneth Thorntons and Anthony Hornbys were also in the party which was going with a swing at the egg and bacon stage when we left.

Mrs. de Winton Wills wore one of the prettiest dresses in the room that night—it looked like embroidered white organdie.

Wanderer's Return

AMONG the returned travellers of the moment are Lady Bridget Poulett from U.S.A., the Hon. Anthony Winn, from Australia, the Duke of Sutherland in the exciting Winchester Castle; Lord Decies, whose serious illness we deplore, in the same boat; Lady Cecilia Wellesley and her mother, who have been on a cruise to the West Indies, and Miss Sheila Roche, back again from India.

There 's also Patrick Balfour, who was being lionised on his safe return from Abyssinia at a cocktail-party we went to last week. At the same party we heard news of departing husbands, Mrs. "Jimmie" Ford's husband departs next week for two years in Egypt, and Waveney Provotoroff was bewailing the fact that hers is going to Russia for two weeks.

MISS PEEPS

In Monte Carlo

Lady Furness and her husband (he is walking behind) have been staying at Monte Carlo; they were photographed leaving the Casino

Right: Miss Renée du Plessis, a niece of Lady Kemsley, who is chaperoning her, and Miss Gwenllian Phillips are both on the Riviera. Gwenllian Phillips is Sir Laurence Phillips' only daughter, and is staying at the family villa at Cap Ferrat

Royal Brother and Sister

The Duke of Connaught and his sister, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, coming out of their hotel at Bath into the February sunshine. Princess Louise was spending a few days there with her brother

Smiling Riviera Faces

Owing to a typographical error on page 339, discovered too late for rectification, Count Court Haugwitz-Reventlow's name is wrongly spelt "Kurt."

Mr. G. A. Murray Smith and Miss Ulrica Thynne

George Anthony Murray Smith and Ulrica Marjory Thynne were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of the late Arthur Murray Smith, and is in the Blues; his mother is Mrs. Pollock, of Mountaintown, Co. Meath. The bride's parents are Col. and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, of Muntham Court, Worthing

Mr. Leonard Govett and Mrs. W. Dupont

Elizabeth Wrenn Dupont, who is the daughter of the late H. L. Wrenn and Mrs. Wrenn, of New York and Washington, was married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, to Leonard Govett. He is the youngest son of the late F. A. Govett and Mrs. Govett, of Sunningdale. The engagement was announed at Le Touquet last April

Mr. R. Walter and Miss de Burgh Whyte

Roderick Walter, Mr. and Mrs. John Walter's eldest son, married Amicie de Burgh Whyte at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William de Burgh Whyte, of 4, Tor Gardens, W.8. The bridegroom's father is chief proprietor of "The Times," and lives at 5, Lowndes Street

Mr. Hacking and Miss Daphne Finnis

Weddings of the Week

Left: Douglas Eric Hacking and Daphne Finnis were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She made one of the prettiest round-about-St. Valentine's-Day brides; she 's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, of 19, Brechin Place, S.W.7. The bridegroom's father has been Member for Chorley for years, is a P.C. and Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Dominions; he and Mrs. Hacking live at 48E, Sloane Sq.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

THE HON. PRIMROSE YARDE-BULLER—COUNTESS CADOGAN TO BE

Here's a new engagement picture of Primrose Yarde-Buller, youngest of Lord Churston's four sisters, and engaged since last month to Lord Cadogan. She is not eighteen yet, and he is just twenty-two. Her father was the third Lord Churston who died in 1930, and her mother is Mrs. Theodore Wessel. Lord Cadogan succeeded his father as seventh Earl in 1933, is in the Coldstream Guards, has a house in Cadogan Gardens, two sisters of whom one is Lady Beatrix Hoare and the other is sixteen, and a famous quartet of cousins—Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, Lady de Trafford and the Duchess of Marlborough

Howard Coster

Gladys Calthrop

An Artist of the Theatre

Mrs. Gladys Calthrop has been doing stage decor and design since 1924 when she got her first job from Noel Coward. That was when "The Vortex" was put on at the Everyman with £250 lent by Michael Arlen and scenery painted in a backyard. Since then Mrs. Calthrop has designed sets and dresses for all Coward's plays, including the big spectacular ones — "Bitter Sweet," "Cavalcade," "Conversation Piece." She went to America with "The Vortex," worked with Eva Le Gallienne in forming the Civic Repertory Theatre, and made her only stage appearance in "John Gabriel Borkman" when someone fell ill. Her last job was "To-night at 8.30" and her new one is "The Old Maid," the adaptation of Mrs. Wharton's famous story in which Lillian Gish, Irene Vanburgh and Carol Goodner will appear. It is coming to London in April. Mrs. Calthrop has a brilliant flair for period as well as for modern settings, and a genius for colour; more materially she has a studio in Westminster, a farm near Ashford in Kent, and designs clothes of her own as distinguished as any she creates for the stage

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 9.

Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow

It is one of the oddities of to-day that ski-ing, although it is of such recent origin, has already produced a physical type. Nearly all the expert ski-ers I know are sunburnt, lean, long-legged, clear-eyed, about six foot in height, and with noticeably white teeth. Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, the Danish champion who would have been representing his country in the Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen but for certain domestic reasons, is no exception.

Cleanshaven, hook-nosed, quiet, but probably quick-tempered, he talks perfect English with a pleasant foreign intonation. By descent he is a great-grand-nephew of our own Queen Adelaide, who married William IV., and perpetuates this association with Great Britain by exporting butter, eggs, and bacon to this country from his place at Rosenlund, in Denmark. These, however, are by-products. Primarily he has for thirteen years bred pedigree pigs and cattle for other farmers at Rosenlund, and more than once he has bred the champion milch-cow of the year.

The sugar-beet industry is another of his interests. It was in 1925 that he first went to the United States to study intensive cultivation with modern machinery. He introduced such improvements on his return at Rosenlund that this year and last year he produced the greatest output per acre of all the properties of the big landowners.

Yes, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow is primarily a business man. That is why he hates newspaper interviews, especially in the United States, where on one occasion the reporters were so persistent that he had to pull the communication-cord and jump out of the train before he could escape. He also dislikes sitting for his portrait or being photographed. He scarcely ever has a drink; if angry becomes very silent or sarcastic; reads the financial newspapers from cover to cover; shows the greatest accuracy and energy in his business dealings; speaks German, French and Italian in addition to his native Danish; dislikes all forms of gambling; but with the exception of polo, is fond of all forms of sport, in particular lawn tennis and riding.

He lives at 2, Hyde Park Gardens when in London, but he is very fond of travelling and driving fast cars. He is a keen fight fan and an excellent raconteur with a great sense of humour, and yet lives up to the family motto of "Vitam Impendere Vero." If he were not in his thirties I would say he was shy, because he still blushes occasionally. But the chief impression he gives you is of nervous muscle and clear brain. Even in a drawing-room you feel he ought either to be in his dark blue ski-ing outfit with goat's hair socks, rücksack and hunting knife; or else in hunting kit.

Is he married? Why, I had almost forgotten! His wife is the former Barbara Hutton, and they are absolutely inseparable.

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Dog's Life!

"Storm in a Teacup" (Haymarket Theatre)

IN our insular manner we have presumed ourselves to be the dog-lovers of the world, but evidently in mid-Europe there are people who are devoted to their dogs and are fully qualified to be members of the Dumb Friends' League and the Tail-Waggers. We learn this from the theme of *Storm in a Teacup*, adapted by James Bridie from the play, *Sturm im Wasserglas*, by Bruno Franck. It is a favourite pastime just now of our dramatists to adapt plays by this author, as he is the provider of many bright and original ideas.

This particular comedy, which revolves round the fate of a dog, has been so deftly handled that it is difficult to imagine any other setting for it other than the small Scottish town of Baikie. Please observe the correctness of the adjective, for Mr. Thomson (Ian McLean), the Provost of that town, has married a mere Sassenach, called Victoria (Ivy des Vœux), and very early in the first act he has occasion to reprove her for calling something "Scotch," whereupon she brightly suggests that he should help himself to a Scottish and soda!

WE meet this couple at a moment when there is a tide in the affairs of the Thomsons, which, taken at the flood, would have led them from their provincial surroundings to the political purlieus of Westminster. But Fate ordains that the pompous self-satisfaction of William Thomson shall be undermined by a very ordinary little dog. The unlucky Provost is pursued to his own fireside by Mrs. Flanagan (Sara Allgood), the distracted but determined owner of the dog in question. This good lady has fallen on hard times, and for two years has defaulted in the matter of her dog licence, and now her beloved Patsy has been confiscated by the civic authorities and the order has gone forth that he is to be destroyed. Round this situation the storm rages, rising at times to hurricane force.

VICTORIA THOMSON, a human young woman, fails to realise the necessity of living up to her position as Provost's wife, and with a complete disregard of what may, or may not be done in Baikie, interests herself in the matter—condoles with Mrs. Flanagan, enlists the sympathies of a young journalist, Frank Burdon (Roger Livesey), so successfully that instead of writing up his interview with the Provost on the subject of his political ambitions, publishes a heated account of the wrongs done to Patsy.

While Mr. McKellar (Edgar Bruce) is being a canny suitor to Honoria Flanagan (Sara Allgood), the dog whose licence causes all the trouble scratches cheerfully

Sketches by Rouson

While Provost Thomson (Ian McLean) makes for a nose-punching scene, only to find that the journalist (Roger Livesey) won't play—

Later there are very amusing scenes in the police court, when the chivalrous fellow is charged with stealing the dog from the Town Clerk, and here at last we see Patsy in person, when everything is made as clear as noonday, for he is the dearest and most engaging mongrel that ever wagged a tail; to see him sitting squarely in front of his mistress, Honoria Flanagan, gazing up at her with adoring eyes, would move the hearts of even the most determined cat-fancier. Indeed, many of the audience felt disposed so to gaze at Honoria on their own account, the fat, good-hearted, lovable creature that Sara Allgood makes her.

It is of no importance that the end of the play is more convenient than probable. There are some very un-Scottish divorce proceedings pending, and there seems a chance that some of the characters may remain happy for a week or two!

THE acting on the whole is good: Roger Livesey's Frank Burdon is strangely reminiscent of his delightful performance in *Lady Precious Stream*; C. M. Hallard gives an excellent representation of the Sheriff—in fact, all the minor characters are well-drawn and well-acted. Ivy des Vœux does not succeed in getting much appeal into the part of Victoria Thomson, and in her very proper determination to be audible, she speaks perhaps too loudly.

Altogether a very amusing and ingeniously constructed play, and it does not matter two shakes of Patsy's tail whether it could or could not have happened.

—Vicky and Lisbet see a side to the Provostal character that they had never suspected (Ivy des Vœux and Ethel Glendinning)

A Caged Eagle

Napoleon's Last Phase in the Old Vic. Play

Right: Kenneth Kent as the Napoleon of "St. Helena," the play by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis, and Vivienne Bennett as Countess Montholon

The Eagle in a Fury

General Baron Gourgaud (Clement McCallin), a member of Napoleon's entourage at Longwood, his last prison-home, takes a stiff admonition from the irritable Emperor, whose few remaining subjects have to bear the full weight of his personality

"ST. HELENA," the play about Napoleon written by R. C. Sherriff (of "Journey's End" fame) and Jeanne de Casalis, actress and untiring student of Napoleonic history, is now in the third and last week of its run at the Old Vic. Not content with the notices given to it by the professional critics, three admirers of the play wrote letters of commendation to the "Times" on its behalf. Mr. Robert Nichols started the brief correspondence, Mr. Winston Churchill continued it, describing the play as "a work of art of a very high order," and Mr. Raymond Mortimer finally acclaimed it from the anti-romantic, anti-Napoleon point of view. Kenneth Kent's portrait of the great man was also much praised and will probably put this clever actor's name in big type on a West End bill-board as soon as the Old Vic. season is over. "St. Helena" was only the sixth play to be given its first presentation at the Old Vic.

Kenneth Kent Gives a Fine Performance as Napoleon in "St. Helena"

Snow and Ice Celebrities at Garmisch

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Paddy Green deserted the ski-ing team to become Bob No. 2 in the British crew steered by McEvoy. They came third, beaten by the two crack Swiss teams, with an aggregate time of 3 min. 23·41 sec.

Robert Rivers-Bulkeley sat No. 3 in the early heats of the bob-sleigh Olympics' run down a dangerous course, which included the well-dreaded Bayern-kurve, where an Italian crew was flung 60 ft. clear

Gweneth Leigh Butler came fifth in the Olympic Skating Championship on the Riessersee, was runner-up in the British Championship, and is going on to Paris from Garmisch for the World event

DOMINATED by the Zugspitze, pine and snow-covered Bavarian Alps rise around the twin towns of Garmisch and Partenkirchen where the Olympic Winter Games were held under Nazi ægis. Skating on the Riessersee, ski-ing from Kreuzeck, Kreuzjoch and the Schneefernerhaus, and brilliant sun on a fine snowfall were the menu for a throng of socialites and sportsmen from all over the world. Molly Bishop has sketched just a few of them

Norwegian Sonja Henie has a right to wear the skating figure in her cap. She is again world champion, after beating her most serious rival, Cecilia Colledge (England), by a bare 3·6 points

Evan Hunter, chef de mission, secretary and an official representative at Garmisch of the British Olympic Association, was everywhere at the Games, including the Hotel zum Post where Molly Bishop sketched him

Charmian Fane was not officially in any team, but she encouraged them all at the Alpenhof at six or the Post at eight: one of the many socialite lovelies at Garmisch-Partenkirchen

Capt. Percy Legard represented England in the Ski-jumping and Long-Distance Race, in which the Scandinavian nations have taken the honours. Capt. Legard is in the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

IT seems from a lecture by Mr. Martin Holmes to the Society of Antiquaries the other day that the King has three crowns, each relatively modern: the "new St. Edward's," dating from the Restoration and used only for coronation; the State Crown, and the Imperial Crown of India, made for George V.'s Durbar of 1911. Edward II. had about ten crowns, it seems, and Henry IV. was probably the first English King to wear the higher "closed" type as now worn. (You 'll be sorry some day if you don't know this.) The only really ancient crown now in Europe must be the Iron Crown of Lombardy, kept at Monza Cathedral, and supposed to have belonged to Constantine. It has crowned kings and emperors from about 590 A.D. to 1805, when Napoleon used it to crown himself King of Italy in Milan Cathedral.

And if you imagine we mug away like fools with our nose stuck in books of reference, checking the accuracy of statements like this for your benefit, you are woundily in error. Six beautiful Tiller girls stand poised behind our armchair and fly to execute our lightest bidding. When not checking data for us they dance, flexing twelve shapely limbs in unison and singing choruses of which we haven't even yet caught the words.

Always the pioneer, we were the first to introduce Tiller girls into modern journalism. Now they 're the rage of Fleet Street, some of them even occupying editorial chairs — or perhaps you 'd guessed that?

Next time you run into a little compact wad of pure information on this page, therefore, reflect that the Tiller girl who made it possible may be destined for Something Big in the Street of Adventure. Incidentally, what would you call Doing Something Big in the Street of Adventure? Showing tourists round Castlerosse?

Pieces of Eight

ONE of the special correspondent boys has been exploring the cave on Lundy Island where the buccaneer Captain Robert Nutt, who preyed on Bristol shipping in the seventeenth century, is supposed to have hidden a mass of treasure. He found the entrance blocked by a fall of rock, through a gap in which could be seen (*a*) a skeleton, unfortunately only dating back to 1864, when two islanders after Nutt's gold paid the penalty for their nosey greed; and (*b*) something looking to a Fleet Street eye like "the rounded lid of a rusty iron chest." Apparently explosives can't be used on the barrier, or tons more rock will crash from above.

From whatever circle of the Inferno is inhabited by the pirates and buccaneers and other sea-blackguards, from Drake down, we can hear gusts of hoarse laughter. The pirates beat this scientific and cocksure age every time. Expeditions to Cocos Island and other caches retire baffled, cutting their losses. (We 've more sympathy for these, anyway, than for those simpletons who swallow stories about "buried Jesuit millions" in South America and go bounding madly on the trail).

There seems no doubt that pirate gold does lie about somewhere under the earth's surface, whether in the Tortugas, Cocos, Lundy, or Gunwalloe Sands. Esquemeling's classic memoirs of the buccaneers naturally don't give any clues away, being possibly nervous of, say, ex-colleagues of the French pirate Lolonnois, who in a peevish mood once hacked a Spanish prisoner to pieces and ate his heart. Anyway, whatever the pirates hid, and wherever they hid it, they have the laugh of us.

And so they should. They were bestial and often devilish types, their loot has stirred up evil passions enough, and it 's best where it is. We wouldn't touch riches like that with a bargepole, if we had a bargepole and (even more) if there were any point in using it for such a damfool purpose when we 've got a pair of hands.

Big Girl

BRAWLING the other day with Sister Aimée Semple McPherson, the Hot Gospel Queen, her publicity-agent fell, or was bumped, downstairs, and afterwards took poison, happily without effect. The fuss arose apparently over publicity given to a rival evangelical star Rheba Crawford Spivalo—where do they get their names?—commonly known as the Angel of Broadway, Sister Aimée's second-in-command at the Angelus Temple, Los Angeles. These things happen in California, the home of a hundred and fifty sects each odder than the other.

Bishop Martha Wodge Feedlebaum, of the Sixth Day Elect meets High Mother Dobbs of the Sevenfold Mystic Circle, who has a better graft with the Press, and there is immediately what the French call a "crêpage de chignons," befrizzlement and grabbage. Prophet Elijah J. Biffin.

"He's always tied to his father's apron strings"

whose followers are covered with hair, takes a bitter passing sock at Boma, Flamen of the Solar Triangle, whose egg-bald adepts are vowed to eschew hair in every shape or form. All these leaders of thought are terribly publicity-conscious, doubtless for excellent reasons, and as jealous as film-stars. Sister Aimée particularly stands no monkeying with the box-office, and those clergymen of England who are always moaning about their increasingly empty pews might profitably study her system.

Some of them, to be accurate, do make a feeble dab at it by blowing a referee's whistle in the pulpit, or occasionally dribbling a football up the aisle; but it needs more efficient organisation than that. Professor J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, in a sympathetic survey, once suggested putting all sidesmen into Cossack boots. This would hardly be a very permanent attraction. Something has already been done in New York with a troop of dancing-girls in an Episcopalian chancel, attired in flowing white, floodlit, and performing after the sermon; but public interest in them soon waned. The fact is that Sister Aimée reached her present position by exploiting her own rich (not to say raucous) personality, and perhaps that is the sole secret.

Poissnalty! Yes, *Sir*! No wonder her Press-agents fall downstairs.

Salut d'Amour

THE Postmaster-General's decorative, nay, whimsy, telegram forms for St. Valentine's Day won't, of course, bring the usage of the valentine back, but it was a pretty thought, and if it weren't an offence under the Post Office (Assaults and Misdemeanours) Act, we 'd throw a few pink roses at the girls behind the bars next time we go in to buy stamps, by way of a suitable riposte. Incidentally we 've been told why this dainty old custom attaches to St. Valentine.

"But we can't have gunnery to-morrow —we've got a darts tournament"

There are three Saints Valentine in the Calendar, one a bishop. The one whose feast is on February 14th isn't a bishop, as most of the writing boys and girls assume, but a priest and physician martyred at Rome in the third century. He has no connection with lovers' greetings, either—it 's merely that some mediæval naturalists held that birds began to mate at this period. (Cut this information out—it 'll be useful some time.) As to valentines, their decline was too sad. The pretty lacy tinsel things, sometimes gorgeous and boxed and expensive, always charming, had become by the Victorian 'eighties merely insulting red-nosed caricatures sent by butcher-boys to their enemies.

There 's a collection of the nicer kind in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It 's part of the collection of Miss Jane Samuels, who has exhibited them successfully in America, where hearts are even pulpier than our own. Exquisite in design and craftsmanship, some of them are. Nobody seems to have collected the ugly ones.

"Hello, mater!"

Unkindness Week

THE other week was one of the liveliest, in one way, we 've known for some time. Departing from the usual mousey good form which characterises modern

" criticism " in this country, three or four eminent boys took swinging cracks at things they didn't like. James (" Boss ") Agate socked critic Gerald Gould for booksy hysteria. C. R. W. Nevinson, commenting on Dame Laura Knight's recent R.A., said *all* women artists ought to be Academicians : " their work is tasteful, accomplished, and traditional ; perfect R.A. qualities." And a couple of Oxford Biblical scholars took a dignified swipe at a certain Dr. Eisler of Vienna, who has apparently been putting out a pretty arrogant line of dope concerning the origin of the Fourth Gospel. That 's how we like it, and that 's how it used to be in the days when critics spoke their minds.

We award honourable mention, also, to a recent scuffle in the *Observer*. St. John Ervine, who considers a certain Bloomsbury highbrow clique ignorant Bolshy prigs (and how right, Mr. Ervine !), was in excellent form, and Edith Sitwell superb, as ever. For once the faint mewing noises which come from the critics' basket week by week swelled into a healthy roar, and Auntie *Times*, who deplored " what appears to be acrimony," in the Eisler affair, deserves a playful fillip on that aquiline beak.

It won't last, of course. Good Form and cricket forbid. There aren't any editors about nowadays like Edmund Yates of *The World*, who joyously egged on Whistler to enliven his correspondence-columns with those little masterpieces of invective you find collected in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. If it comes to that, there aren't any Whistlers about nowadays, either.

Dumb Revolt

It isn't surprising to us that our old playmate Robert Benchley, the weariest and wittiest New York dramatic critic, is experimenting with what is falsely called a " new " technique in ordering food in restaurants. According to accounts he did so recently by "gestures indicative of oysters, turtle soup, partridge shot on the rise, and cheese soufflé." This puzzled Mr. Hickey of the *Express*, who has probably never seen Mr. Benchley imitate Mei Lang Fan, the Chinese " King of Actors " who bored Broadway stiff a few years ago. With a single twist of the eyebrow or a flick of the sleeve Mr. Benchley—we 've seen him do it—conveys that his name is R. Benchley, and his residence West 44th Street and he doesn't like red-haired rather hydrocephalic women from Orange, N.J., whose names begin with F, J, or M, and who say " on a boat."

Ordering a special cocktail, is less easy, and involves gently raising the left foot and looking rather quizzically yet without actual bitterness at an imaginary horse from Boston. Waiters soon get to understand Mr. Benchley's sign language, which is a species of revolt against practically everything, and particularly a defiant challenge to the Drama to do Mr. Benchley more dirt than it 's done already.

If you saw the recent Clark Gable film *China Seas*, you can judge of Mr. Benchley's talent for enacting character almost wildly opposed to his own. Mr. Benchley was that attractive drunk who drifted about the liner, amiably unaware of anything—typhoons, Chinese pirates, hidden gold, anything. He wrote the tiny part himself, they say.

Pet's Corner

A series of innocuous Little Audrey stories from America are seeping their way through clubland. One of them is about Little Audrey's Momma accidentally falling off the top of the Empire State Building in New York. Little Audrey laffed and laffed, because her Momma always got so mad if she was hurried.

Another concerns Little Audrey and her tiny brother Jim parachuting from an aeroplane. " Take a jump," the pilot said, " count six, pull the string, and you 'll be fine." Coming down Little Audrey laffed and laffed, because she knew her little brother Jim couldn't count beyond five.

Another is about Little Audrey on a cruise passing the Virgin Islands. . . . Er—no. Possibly not.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 14.—" Bazaar, Exchange and Mart "

If you require a crocodile,
A coat-rack or a cart,
Or if your heart is set upon
Acquiring works of Art
That cannot fail to make the home
Recherché, chic and smart,
You 'll doubtless scan the pages of
Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.

If you 'd acquire a suit of clothes
Of quite astounding sart-
orial grace and worthy of
A Viscount or a Bart.,
Exchanging for it tins in which
Your cook prepares a tart,
You *may* effect a deal thanks to
Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.

But this sad fact I feel it is
My duty to impart,
To married men who want some new
Establishment to start—
They can't dispose of wives who have
A sudden change of heart
By advertising *them* in the
Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.

B. W.

" He 's still got a hangover from Mafeking Night "

•FILMS of the DAY

The Only Living "Old Master"

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

I REMEMBER when highbrows, at mention of Charlie Chaplin, raised their eyebrows and said: "Oh, you mean that little man on the pictures—you don't *really* think he's funny? Max Linder, now, or Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew—but surely *not* Chaplin!"

That was about the time Charlie was making *The Immigrant* and *The Cure*. Twenty years have passed, and now the same people (for poseurs necessarily have short memories) seldom meet me without (*a*) discussing Chaplin in terms of montage and philosophic content, and (*b*) asking me if I can wangle free seats. At which, with ill-disguised satisfaction, I truthfully reply that the Tivoli free list is entirely suspended, and they slink off to join a queue rather than be so gauche as to miss the Master.

FOR that, roughly, is Charlie's present status. Alone amongst all the producers of moving pictures, he has become an Old Master during his lifetime. People rave about Walt Disney: I have done it myself. But Walt Disney, though a very brilliant and very charming fellow, isn't (like Chaplin) a man who makes films—he's a factory. He has two hundred highly trained specialists working day and night—some turning out scenarios, others thinking up funny gags, artists who do nothing but draw Mickey Mouse and artists who are experts with Donald Duck and pigs.

I should be the last to deny that such Silly Symphonies as *Three Little Pigs* and *The Hare and the Tortoise* are amongst the most delightful things of the whole Georgian age. But the fact remains that Disney is an organiser, whereas Chaplin is an artist. If Disney doesn't like something in a picture he can easily get somebody to re-draw it. Chaplin has only himself. The other players count for nothing; he is his own producer, director and star; it is Charlie, and not fairy-tale creatures controlled by pencil and brush, who has to deliver the goods. Every time he invests two years' work and two million dollars in a new production he knows that the responsibility for carrying the picture is his and his alone.

"All very well for you ——— authors to say 'Do this and do that'!" exclaimed a temperamental actor in my hearing as the first-night curtain was rising. "You can stay in the wings and slink out the stage door if things go wrong. But I can't, old boy. I've got to go out there and face 'em!"

That is the difference between Disney and Chaplin. Disney, who hasn't drawn a picture for years, can stay in his office or tour Europe, knowing that production will go on as usual. Charlie has to go out into the world and face the customers. And if they don't happen to like him, it's no use his trying to pass the buck.

WELL, what shall I say about *Modern Times*? Only that Charlie has used all his old gags, like his old make-up, and somehow they are still funny. He still skids around corners on one leg; he still takes off his hat to every stranger; his facial play is what it was when he made *Tillie's Punctured Romance* in 1914; he is chased by the same policemen and befriends the same down-trodden orphan.

But here there is a difference. The little clown no longer gazes at beauty from afar: he actually takes her in his arms. The Pagliacci "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" theme is given a rest, not before it was due, and the picture ends as it is played—on a cheerful note.

JUST what Charlie's political convictions are is a matter on which reports differ. Some friends describe him as a Communist (well-to-do) who is trying in *Modern Times* to express his disgust with the whole organisation of modern society. That is certainly the implication of the first section of the story. But later he is seen racing back to the job when the factory reopens, and when work is cut short again by a strike he takes to the road with his girl friend without indicating how he proposes to live, unless by amorous indigency in defiance of the Vagabondage and Mann Acts.

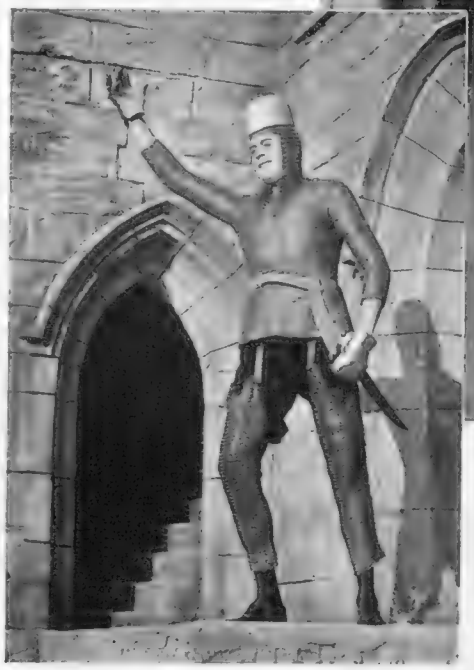
All the same, there is no doubt that Charlie has Socialist sympathies. He was said two years ago to be doing a book on economics and looking for a cure for the Depression. Well, he has found it. And if the answer is enshrined in celluloid instead of in print, what does it matter? After all, more people can see than read.

RUDOLF FORSTER is a very distinguished actor, and if you don't quite believe in the horsemanship of *Hohe Schule*, that needn't spoil your enjoyment of the story. The plot is as original as the setting: there is nothing even remotely hammy about the acting, and the thing works up to a conclusion all the more dramatic if you don't happen to have seen it coming.

"BONNE CHANCE," by contrast, is what Hollywood calls a stellar vehicle, written by, and for, Sacha Guitry. Just how you will like it depends almost entirely on how you react to the star. In the matter of looks he is no Gable, but there is no denying he has a strong personality and knows how to put his stuff across. If I don't happen to be enthralled by him, that is probably my loss; and at least I have the compensation of gazing on Jacqueline Delubac, as charming a creature as the French or any other screen can show. *Bonne Chance* left me with the conviction that the same pair, in a strong story, well directed, would do admirably in drama. I offer the suggestion to M. Guitry for what it is worth.

FOR the rest, *Anything Goes* is a delightful musical, thanks to Charlie Ruggles, Bing Crosby, and some of the wittiest dialogue I have heard for years; *Shipmates For Ever* (Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler) is rather tiresome; *I Live My Life* (Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne, and Frank Morgan) is bright but excessively wordy; and *The Last Days of Pompeii* is Hollywood's idea of how the ancients made whoopee until Vesuvius interrupted the social whirl.

Jack the Fireman



Jack the Knight

● *Jack Hulbert's new film is "Jack of All Trades," at the Marble Arch Pavilion, an in-and-out-of trouble story with Robertson Hare and Gina Malo as trouble-sharer and girl-friend.* ● *Jack Buchanan is starring in a film version of "When Knights Were Bold," with Fay Wray as the beauty of the tale; it started a run at the London Pavilion last week*

Norman Parkinson

Miki Hood

"Mixed Up In Films"

Call hers the face that launched a thousand ads., and you wouldn't be wrong; she actually has been nicknamed "the most photographed girl in Britain." But now she's given up wearing this or recommending that for the makers, and at twenty-one is all set for the career she really wanted. Herbert Wilcox has given her a five-years' film contract, and has been coaching her as he coached Anna Neagle. Her best part so far was opposite Sydney Howard in "Fame." More topically she has been cast for "The Three Maxims"—in which she keeps company with Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati and Leslie Banks

Sunlight a
In the H

Snow and Ski-ing
Roger Schall, Photo

Here the Larches Are Like Feathers Planted in the Snow

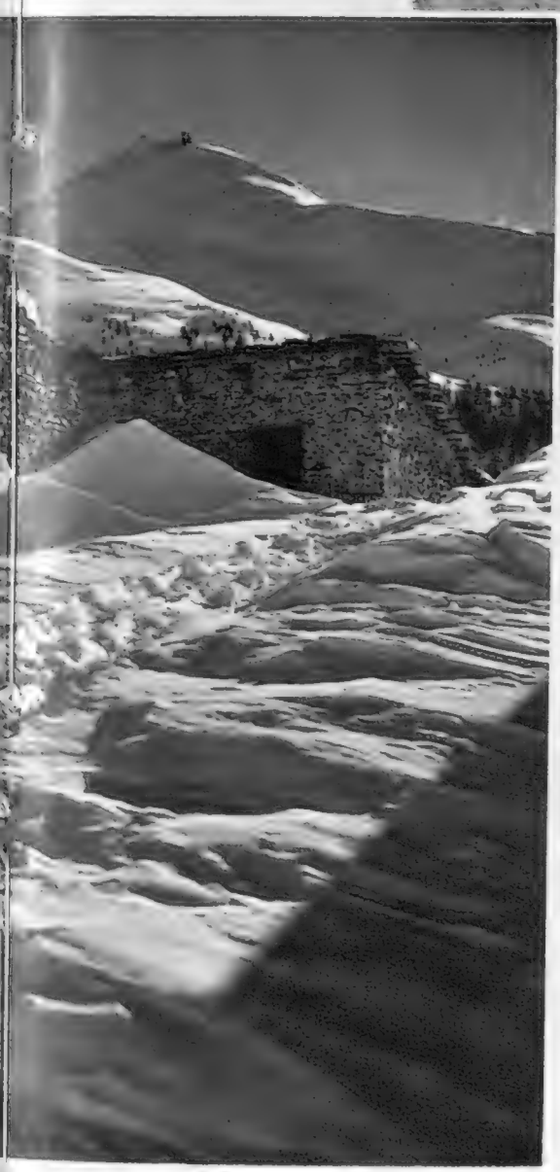
Near the Mountain Tops: a

Below: A Ski Class in the Clear Shadow of Late Afternoon

nd Shadow
High Alps

g Studies Made By
otographer, of Paris

The West Field: a Much Trodden Chamonix Slope



a Hut High Above Chamonix

Below: Follow My Leader, or, Starting the Run Home

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 8. George Gorman — Minstrel

"Bystander" Short Story No. 26

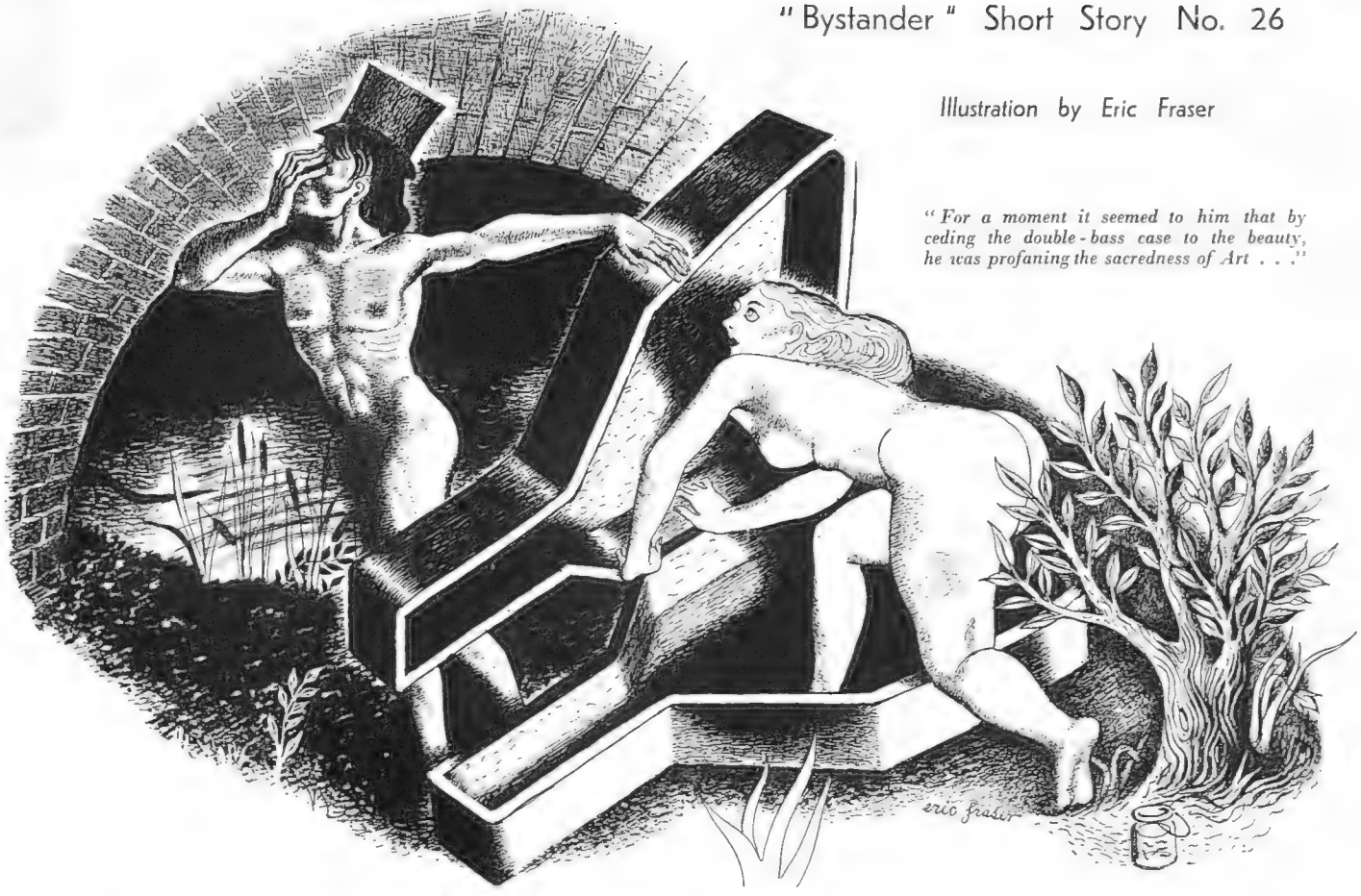


Illustration by Eric Fraser

"For a moment it seemed to him that by ceding the double-bass case to the beauty, he was profaning the sacredness of Art . . ."

The Double-Bass: By A. Chekhov

A Story Hitherto Unpublished in England

THE musician, Smychkov, was walking from the city to Prince Bibulov's country villa, where, that evening, on the occasion of a betrothal a party with music and dancing was to take place. He carried a huge double-bass in a leather case upon his back. As he passed along the bank of a river which was rolling its cool waters if not majestically, at least very poetically, he thought it would be a good idea to have a bathe.

Without very long meditation he undressed and plunged into the cool stream. It was a magnificent evening and Smychkov's poetical soul began to attune with harmony to his surroundings. What a delicious sensation thrilled his spirits when, having swam out about a hundred paces he saw a beautiful girl sitting on the steep bank angling for fish. He held his breath and his heart stopped beating, so great was the influx of many diverse emotions. Memories of childhood, of happy bygone days, of his first awakening love. . . . Heavens! Why, he had felt so certain that he would never be able to love again. After he had lost all faith in human nature when his dearly beloved wife had run away with his boy friend, the bassoon, Sobakin, he had known the agony of emptiness and had become a hater of mankind.

"What have I in life?"—he asked himself continually. "What do we live for? Life is a myth, a dream . . . a ventriloquy. . . ."

But as he stood facing the sleeping beauty (it was not difficult to see that she was asleep), despite his will he suddenly felt the urge of love in his breast. For a long time he stood before her devouring her with his eyes.

"But enough of that——" he thought with a sigh—"Farewell, blessed vision! It 's time I started for his Excellency's evening party."

Having glanced at the beauty for the last time he was already preparing to swim back when an idea flashed through his mind.

"I ought to leave her some memento," he thought, "I will hook on something to her rod, that shall be a surprise for her. A gift from the 'unknown'!"

Smychkov swam noiselessly up to the bank, picked a huge bunch of field and water flowers and binding it with a stem of goose-foot, he hooked it to her rod.

The bouquet went to the bottom, carrying along with it the pretty float.

Common-sense, laws of Nature, as well as the social status of the musician demand that the romance should end just at this very point, but—alas—Fate is inexorable, and the romance did not end with the nosegay. The obscure double-bass player was to play an important part in the life of the distinguished and wealthy beauty.

Returning back to the bank, Smychkov was thunderstruck: he could not see his garments anywhere. They must have been stolen . . . while he had been admiring the beauty, some unknown miscreants had carried off everything except the double-bass and his top hat.

"Curses on them," cried Smychkov, "Oh, men, oh, children of vipers. It is not so much the loss of the garments that stirs my rage, for garments are things that perish. It is the thought that I shall have to walk away stark-naked and thus offend against public morality."

He sat down on the case with the double-bass and began to search for a way out of his terrible plight.

"I cannot go to Prince Bibulov naked," he thought—"ladies will be

(Continued on page 351)

• PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 8. George Gorman—Minstrel

GEORGE GORMAN'S beat is around Leicester Square and the Comedy, playing to theatre queues—a bad job in bad weather. Sometimes he gets a contract to play to a charabanc party on an outing, which is fine unless the party gets too cheerful to remember to pay him. But he got his best job of all one red-letter day when a bluff sea-captain, rolling out of a pub, carried him off to his home in Kensington "to amuse the folks." The folks were out, so they taxied back to the Criterion for supper. Here the doorkeeper sternly said "no" to Gorman's nigger-minstrel make-up, and the captain had to feed alone, but he gave his new friend three nice pound notes before they parted. Gorman has been in the music-hall trade since childhood, and still goes travelling all over England

Miss "Ty" MacRae

"Ty" MacRae is a pocket Venus with such sad eyes. Has ultra sophisticated friends and a younger married sister. Cousins include Earl of Dumfries. Twenty-five

Miss Elizabeth Baring

Aged twenty, is youngest of late Lady Ulrica Baring's trio. Keen skater. Delightful brunette, nearly as handsome as middle sister, Audrey, who married into the Brigade

Miss Wendy Barrie

During her brief engagement to Woolworth Donahue, cousin of Barbara Hutton, was head-lined as "England's prettiest film girl." Likes a Good Time—and how . . . So what?

Miss Catriona MacLeod

Is the daughter of Duncan MacLeod, whisky king and owner of Skeabost, Isle of Skye; will have a substantial dot, no doubt. She and twin brother have time to look round as other four in family already wed

"Always be nice to girls; you never know

(The late Lady Ailesbury

AND WHO WILL THE

A Selection of Spinsters From

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell

Miss Susan Vernon

Susan Vernon is West Country gal with freckles, passion for polo and racing. Had three seasons. Favours fantastic hats. Would look striking anyhow

Left: Shelagh Morrison-Bell is seen with herself by Lavery; is very handsome and very shy. Not as beautiful as her mother. Gentle and musical, she could never be unkind

Miss Rosemary Houston

Rosemary Davidson-Houston has been to all the conventional dances since debut and does her share of charity do's. Has a great many girl friends and luminous eyes

Miss Diana Clarke

Diana Carlos Clarke, cousin of Earl of Ranfurly, was outstanding '35 production. Has rounded cheeks which photograph perfectly and good colouring, is eighteen, and doesn't miss many race meetings

Miss Peggy Salaman

Peggy Salaman was news a few years ago when she started long-distance flying with a pilot. Conscientious about charity work. Dreamy. Doesn't have to curl her hair

who they will become"

to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

SE BECOME?

Every Set: No. 8

The Hon. Betty Forbes-Sempill

Crops her hair and wears boyish clothes. Handles estate management. Adores Highland life. Wins medals reel dancing. An original girl

Miss Anne Mitcheson

Was most admired girl at Perth races last autumn. Hosts considered lucky and her partners luckier. You can see for why. Who will be luckiest of all?

Miss Grace Amory

American socialite, plays gorgeous golf. Stays with the best people and is taken out by distinguished honourables not usually addicted to restaurants. Please marry one, Miss Amory

Miss Pam Deuchar

Right: Pam Deuchar has more animation than her still single sister, Zara, and the family good looks. Been round the world. Lives in North Berwick, where all girls are pretty and most men are old

Miss Ann Coats

She belongs to million-Ayrshire and thread family. Hospitable, merry and carefully dressed. Expressive face not at its best when stilled for photograph

The Hon. Aline Partington and Miss Gwen Kingham

Hon. Aline Partington and Gwen Kingham belong to the "Marjorie Glasgow" set, scattered since her surprise marriage. Both are admirable people, hard to please, independent, but who knows when . . .?

Miss Pat Charles

Pat Charles who draws, has two ornamental sisters, one married, one single. Pretty in the way most admired by Mayfair

Miss Jean Anderson

Jean Anderson belongs to the Deuchar bunch of pretty girls—a bunch which seems independent of young men, though not indifferent to admiration

The Double-Bass

(*Continued from page* 351)

there, and besides, together with my trousers the thieves stole the rosin which I had in them ! "

He thought long, excruciatingly, till his temples ached.

" I have it ! " He had remembered at last that in the shrubbery not far from the bank there was a little bridge, with room to hide. " Till it gets dark I can sit behind this and at night, in the dark, I will make my way to the nearest cottage. . . ."

Halting on this thought, Smychkov put on his top hat, hoisted the double-bass on his shoulders and trudged away to the shrubbery. Naked, with the musical instrument on his back, he resembled some ancient mythical demi-god.

While he sat in his retreat under the bridge, abandoned to his grief, the girl who had been angling for fish, awoke. Seeing no float on the water the beautiful girl hastened to give the line a pull. The line tightened, but neither hook nor float appeared from the water. Evidently Smychkov's nosegay saturated in the water, had swelled up and became heavy.

" Either I have caught a big fish," she thought, " or the rod has caught somewhere."

As another pull had no result, she decided that the hook had caught.

" What a pity," she thought. " And the fish nibble so well in the evening ! What shall I do ? "

Without thinking very long the impulsive girl threw down her ethereal dress and immersed her beautiful body in the stream up to her very marmoreal shoulders. She found it no easy task to loosen the hook from the nosegay in which the line had become enmeshed, but patience and perseverance did it. A quarter of an hour later the lovely girl was leaving the water radiant and happy and holding the hook in her hand.

But evil fate watched over her. The miscreants who had stolen Smychkov's garments had also stolen hers, leaving her nothing but her jar of worms.

" Whatever shall I do ? " she cried. " I can't go about like this. Better death. I 'll wait until it gets dark, and then I 'll get to aunt Agatha and send her home for clothes. Meanwhile I 'll go and hide under the little bridge."

Selecting spots where the grass was tallest and stooping low, she set out for the hiding place at a run. Entering the hiding-place she saw a naked man with a musician's head of hair, and a hairy chest. She screamed and lost consciousness.

Smychkov had a shock too. At first he took the girl to be a naiad.

" Is it a siren who has come to carry me off ? "—he wondered, and the surmise pleased him, for he always had rather a high opinion of his appearance. " If she is no siren, but a human, how can one explain this strange transformation ? Why is she here, and what has brought her ? "

While he was engaged in finding a solution to these questions, the girl came to herself.

" Do not kill me ! "—she said in a whisper. " I am Princess Bibulova. I beseech you ! They will give you money, if you will not harm me. Just now I was loosening the hook of my fishing line in the water and some thieves stole my new dress, shoes and everything."

" Madam "—Smychkov said in a beseeching voice. " I, too, was robbed of my clothes. Besides, with the trousers they carried off my rosin which was in the pocket."

As a rule, people who play double-bass and trombones are not particularly distinguished for their presence of mind ; but Smychkov was a happy exception.

" Madam," he said, a little after. " I can see my aspect embarrasses you. But you will agree, I can no more leave this place than you can, and for precisely the same reasons. Now would you like to get into the case of my double-bass and cover yourself with the lid ? This will hide me from you. . . ."

Having said it, Smychkov drew the double-bass from its case. For a moment it seemed to him, that by ceding the case he was profaning the sacredness of Art, but he did not hesitate long. The beauty lay down in the case and rolled into a ball, while he tightened the straps, rejoicing that Nature had endowed him with so much good sense.

" You cannot see me now, Madam," he said. " Stay there and be calm. When it is dark I shall carry you to the house of your parents. As to the double-bass I can come back for it later."

When it grew dark, Smychkov hoisted the case with the lady on to his shoulders and trudged along to the Bibulovs' country house. His plans were to call at the first cottage he came to in order to provide himself with garments, then he would go on.

" It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," he thought, disturbing the dust with his bare feet, and bending under his burden—" surely in view of the deep concern I have manifested in the fate of the Princess, Bibulov will offer me a generous reward."

" Madam, are you quite comfortable ? " he asked like a gallant cavalier who invites his lady for a quadrille—" I beg you will not stand on ceremony, my case is at your disposal, you can do in it as you like."

Suddenly it seemed to the gallant Smychkov that, covered by the dark, two human figures were moving in front of him. Staring fixedly ahead of him he was convinced that this was no optical illusion, figures indeed were moving and even carrying bundles on their arms. . . .

" Is it the thieves ? " flashed through his head—" They 're carrying something. Probably our clothes ! "

Smychkov put down the case by the footpath and ran after the figures.

" Halt "—he shouted—" Stop, thief."

The figures looked round and, on noticing the pursuit, began to scamper off for all they were worth. Long after the Princess could still hear the sound of running steps and of shouts to " Halt." At last everything became silent again.

Smychkov was carried away by his pursuit, and the beauty would in all probability have had to lie for a long time near the path in the field, if it were not for a happy coincidence. As it happened about the same time along this very footpath, Smychkov's two colleagues were making their way to Bibulov's country house : the flutist Zhuchkov and the clarionet player Razmakhaikin. Stumbling suddenly over the case they exchanged glances of surprise and waved their arms.

" The double-bass ! "—said Zhuchkov ; " It is our friend Smychkov's double-bass. How on earth did it get here ? "

" Probably something has happened to Smychkov," decided Razmakhaikin. " Either he got drunk, or he has been robbed. . . . In any case, we can't leave his double-bass where it is. We had better take it with us."

Zhuchkov loaded the case on to his back, and the musicians walked on.

" Heavens, what a weight ! " the flutist grumbled all the way. " For no consideration would I consent to play on junk like this. . . . Ugh ! "

Arriving at Prince Bibulov's house the musicians put down the case in the place set apart for the band, and then went over to the refreshment-bar.

About this time the chandeliers and sconces were already being lit in the house. The bridegroom, court councillor Lakeich, a handsome and likeable official of the department of Ways and Communications, stood in the middle of the ball-room and, hands in pockets, conversed with Count Shkalikov. They were talking about music.

" When I was in Naples," Count Lakeich was saying—" I knew well a violinist who literally performed miracles. You won't believe it. On a double-bass this man would bring out simply marvellous warbles. He could actually play Strauss's waltzes on it."

" Rot ! That 's impossible " — the Count was doubtful.

" But I can assure you. He even executed Liszt's Rhapsody. I shared a room with him at the hotel, and having nothing to do I learned from him how to play Liszt's Rhapsody on the double-bass."

" Liszt's Rhapsody—you 're joking. . "

" You don't believe me ? "—Lakeich laughed. " Very well, I 'll prove it to you this very minute. Let 's go over to the band-stand."

The bridegroom and the Count did so. They unfastened the straps of the double-bass—lifted the cover . . . hurriedly . . . and—how dreadful !

Meanwhile, Smychkov not having succeeded in catching the thieves, returned to the place where he had left the case. The poor musician could not see his precious burden anywhere. Losing himself in conjectures, he paced the footpath many times up and down, and still not finding the case, decided that he was not on the right path. . . .

" This is terrible " he thought, tearing his hair and turning as cold as ice—" She will suffocate in the case ! I am her murderer."

Right up to midnight, Smychkov walked along every road and searched for the case, but having at last exhausted his strength went back under the little bridge.

" I 'll search in the morning," he decided.

The search at dawn gave a similar result, and Smychkov decided to wait under the bridge for nightfall.

" I 'll find her," he muttered, taking off his top hat, and tearing his hair. " Even if I had to search for a whole year, but I 'll find her ! "

And even right now, the peasants who live in that locality say that at night near the little bridge one can see a naked man overgrown with hair and wearing a top hat. Sometimes from under the bridge the rattling of a double-bass is heard.

THE END.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Short swing coats with a pronounced swirl from the back are featured by many designers this season. They vary considerably in length, many of them reaching only as far as the top of the hip, and are worn with slim, straight frocks. This new line is reflected in the ensemble on the left, of which two views are given. It is carried out in black-and-white check saxony wool, and may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It costs 9½ guineas. The finger-tip coat has raglan sleeves and loose pleats round the neck, which help to accentuate the backward swing. It ties with a cord of the same material, and is lined with silk. The skirt is tight and slit up the sides, while the short-sleeved black cloqué jumper has a high round neck with a turn over collar

Chiffon for the Spring Bride

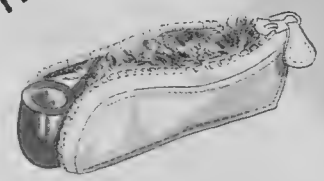
Lovely lingerie is undoubtedly the most important part of a woman's trousseau, and every bride-to-be should visit Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, who have excelled themselves in their collection of spring negligées. Two of these are pictured above, expressed in diaphanous chiffon, tinted in soft orchid colourings. There is an old-world touch about the standing figure, whose wrapper is cut with a full, gathered skirt and loose sleeves drawn into a frilled cuff, and finished with a posy of shaded ribbon to match the one at the waist. The reclining figure, on the other hand, is wearing a creation composed almost entirely of circular frills, which are exceptionally graceful

The nightdress on the right is also made of chiffon in two shades of orchid mauve. It is cut with a square decolleté, outlined with rows of frills, and has draped shoulder-straps. Needless to say, there are many other equally charming designs to choose from. Then, for people who prefer something more practical, there are simpler affairs in washing crêpe-de-Chine or satin, encrusted with needle-run lace. A new note is introduced by a severely tailored striped satin dressing-gown with a sliding fastener down the front and on the sleeves, which are slightly puffed at the shoulders. Being so plain and unusual, it is more suitable for wearing with straight cut pyjamas

Dover Street Studios

discovered by peta;
pictured by pam

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES



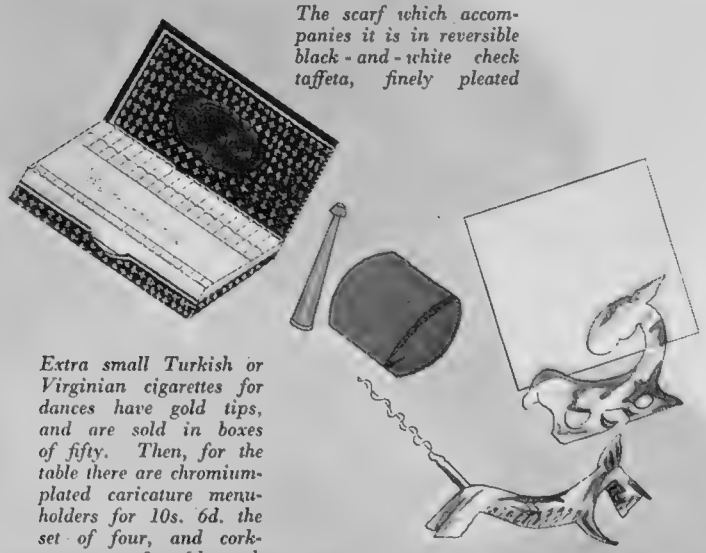
The new Pi-Pouch designed by Weinberg, 18, Burlington Arcade, is an ever-welcome gift. It is made of hog-grain, lined with rubber, and will hold both tobacco and pipe. The latter slips into a separate glove underneath

Bold, artificial flowers are very decorative in a modern setting. These lilies are ivory tinted, with a lacquered surface, and coloured centres. They are sold by Harrods, Knightsbridge, in sprays at 12s. 9d. each

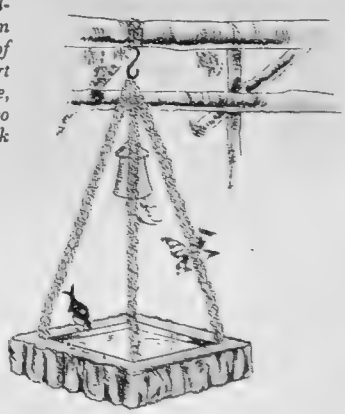
Black antelope and kid combine to make this very smart bag from Jaeger House, 204, Regent Street. It has an original handle which ties in a bow. The scarf which accompanies it is in reversible black-and-white check taffeta, finely pleated

There is a touch of individuality about this hand-knitted jumper from Jaeger's. It is made of soft wool, with short sleeves and a rounded yoke, while pom-poms in two shades fall from the neck

This rustic nesting-box is chiefly built for tits, who have difficulty in finding nesting quarters. It is machined from the solid tree branch, and costs 5s. 6d. at Harrods.



Extra small Turkish or Virginian cigarettes for dances have gold tips, and are sold in boxes of fifty. Then, for the table there are chromium-plated caricature menu-holders for 10s. 6d. the set of four, and corkscrews at 3s. 6d. each



One of the many ways of attracting birds to a garden is by hanging out a bird-bath. The one on the right has a tit-bell for fat, and a detachable zinc lining, which is frost-proof. It should always be filled with clean water, and costs 6s. 6d. at Harrods

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Emperor Frederick the Second :

By A. G. Macdonell

ONE of the most fascinating figures in all history is the great Emperor Frederick the Second, the famous Hohenstaufen of Swabia, who lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. He had all the talents and all the accomplishments. In that wild and semi-barbarous age, Frederick spoke half a dozen languages, was a patron of the arts, was a forerunner of the Renaissance, was a soldier, scholar, diplomat, ruler. He was christened Stupor Mundi—the Amazement of the World. Mr. Richard Oke has written the extraordinary story of his life in a book called *The Boy From Apulia* (Barker ; 10*s.* 6*d.*), and has traced his career from his early precocity to his election to the supreme temporal power of the world, the Holy Roman Empire. The main thread which ran through Frederick's life was his incessant quarrels with the supreme spiritual power of the world, the Papacy. The Popes of the time feared this brilliant youth with his restless energy and his inexhaustible talents. The Papacy was desperately anxious that he should undertake a crusade and batter his power to pieces in the deserts of Syria. Frederick, knowing exactly what the idea was, refused to go and was excommunicated. At last he went, and the Vatican was delighted. But to their horror, Frederick had his own ideas of how to conduct a crusade, and instead of fighting ruinous battles he crusaded by diplomacy and persuaded the Saracens to cede him the Holy City. This singular, and characteristic, triumph naturally infuriated the Vatican more than ever. Mr. Oke concludes his interesting and scholarly book with the summing-up : "The first modern ruler and the last of the Cæsars ; the forerunner of the Renaissance and the final hero of antiquity ; cruel as the Byzantine, courteous as the Arab, tolerant as Gallio." It is a great pity that Mr. Oke did not pay as much attention to the appearance of his pages as he has to the matter in them. Miles of print without paragraphs, and a self-conscious absence of certain traditional capital letters can only annoy the reader.

From the Arthur Watts Memorial Exhibition

"A Cornish Village Scene" is one of many characteristic line drawings by the late Arthur Watts in the Memorial Exhibition of his work. Mrs. Watts has organised the exhibition at the Fine Arts Society, 148, New Bond Street, and H. G. Wells will open it on March 4th. Arthur Watts won his D.S.O. at Zeebrugge ; as an artist he is well known through "Punch" and "The Radio Times." The Swiss air disaster in which he lost his life last July was a misfortune for serious as well as comic art

"MURDER AT 28 : 10" (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Newton Gayle, has a number of outstanding merits, but it has one in particular which lifts it very high indeed in its class. One of the main technical difficulties with which the detective-novelist has always been faced has been what you might call the "Segregation of the Suspects." An impenetrable barrier has to be erected to prevent postmen and messenger boys and international spies and what not from drifting into the magic circle and so cluttering up the field. Hence the murders in high-walled parks, in liners, in non-stop trains, and other isolated spots. But these are humdrum and hackneyed in comparison with Mr. Gayle's setting for his new book. A group of people are basking in the sunshine and cocktails of the West Indian island of Puerto Rico. Suddenly the hurricane signals are sent out. The greatest hurricane of recorded histor is approaching the island. Every hole and crevice must be boarded up and fortified against it. The folk who were gay and carefree a moment ago set grimly to work for their lives, and seal themselves into the villa. Then, just before the hurricane reaches them, two of the young men in the house suddenly realise that there is a cunning and ruthless murderer among them and that his prospective victim is lying, badly hurt, in one of the upstairs' rooms. Then the storm breaks. For a unique setting, that seems to me to have got Jacobean libraries and walled-in parks knocked into a cocked hat, Mr. Gayle develops his double and simultaneous thrill in masterly style. The murderer tries every device to get his man, while the hurricane thunders and smashes against the defences of the house. I think this is one of the most breathlessly exciting books, which, incidentally, combines the pure-detection style with the melodrama style, I have come across for years.

"SHADOWS IN SUNLIGHT" (Hutchinson ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a first novel by Miss Dorothy Wright. A young married couple start their life together on the borders of Wales, and they certainly make a bad start of it. For Peter has inherited a gipsy strain that makes him wander and even goes so far as to despatch him on an expedition to Central Africa a few weeks before his first-born is due, and without saying goodbye to his wife. He has previously been having high jinks under hedges with a gipsy lady called Red Fenella. In other words, Peter may be, according to Romany standards, a regular fellow, but to me, a stupid Gorgio, he just seems to be a cad. Miss Wright continues the story into the next generation and ends with a tragedy that averts an even greater tragedy. For a first novel, Miss Wright's book is very promising, because she has had the courage to do what very few first-novelists venture on, and has told a story instead of a thinly-veiled autobiography. A writer who is determined to be a story-teller is not so common in these days, and Miss Wright's next book will be worth looking for. And I hope that Miss Wright has exhausted in *Shadows in Sunlight* her repertoire of vulgar alleged jokes.

POLITICAL novels are notoriously difficult to bring off successfully—almost as hard as political plays. Mr. H. G. Wells did the one, of course, and Mr. Shaw the other, but then it is not very safe to argue that everyone can do a thing just because Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw have done it. I think that Mr. Leslie Paul's *Men in May* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a valiant effort, but it does not quite succeed. It is a novel about the so-called General Strike of 1926. It is very sincere, and very plainly and straightforwardly told, but there is just too much of the political atmosphere about it. And this feeling of heaviness is accentuated by the same fault of get-up which spoiled Mr. Oke's book. There are far too many solid chunks of prose (in rather close type, by the way) against which the eye beats in vain.

ANOTHER horse from the Gollancz stable (marked at 7*s.* 6*d.*) is *Guilty in the Tropics*, by Mr. Edmund Whitman. It is a vigorously-written story about white men in a Spanish-American republic. One of them is strolling with a charming native girl when he is attacked by a jealous rival, one of the local military gentlemen. The American punches the soldier under the jaw and he tumbles into the harbour and is drowned. This is the beginning of big trouble, and the rest of the book is packed with local colour and adventure. It is all capital reading.

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Clubs Without Quarters

No. 11.—The Chamberlain Club

By Charles Graves

THE Chamberlain Club, founded in 1932, is surprising in that neither Mr. Neville Chamberlain nor Mr. Austen Chamberlain are members. This is despite the object of the Club, which is to keep fresh the memory of Joseph Chamberlain and the imperial policy he initiated. The idea originated with one of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's supporters, Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt, and was taken up by the late Duke of Marlborough, who became the first President.

Originally the membership was thirty, being one member for each year since Chamberlain launched his great policy in 1902; one member being elected for each subsequent year, and vacancies being filled as they occurred. To-day, therefore, there are thirty-five members not counting the two honorary secretaries.

THE rules of the Club are brief. Every member undertakes to attend the Club dinner held each year at the May Fair Hotel on July 8th, the anniversary of Joseph Chamberlain's birthday (or as near that date as possible). The cost of the dinner (a guinea a head) is paid whether the member is present or not. The names of candidates wishing to join the Club are submitted by the Committee to the President, whose selection is final.

SIR THOMAS COMYN-PLATT, founder of the Club, is a picturesque character—an old-time diplomat who always wears a stock. He contested various seats, but was never successful in becoming a Member of Parliament. He received a knighthood, however. Before the late Lord Carson's marriage he was a very close friend of the great Ulster advocate, whom he resembles facially. Another way of describing him would be to say that he is an elongated version of Sir George Arthur, who knows everything and everybody. He wrote a book last year on Abyssinia.

Among the original members are the Dukes of Portland, Westminster, and Sutherland. Lord Fitzwilliam, one of the richest men in Great Britain, and director of more companies than almost anybody, is a member. So is Lord Stanhope, who is at the Foreign Office, and Sir Clive Morrison Bell, who always advocates the favourable result of tariffs on the country.

"Mr. Joseph Chamberlain Doing His Best"
From the original drawing by Max Beerbohm, in the possession of the Leicester Galleries

LORD LECONFIELD is now the President since the death of the late Duke of Marlborough. Mr. L. S. Amery is the genuine residuary legatee of the Chamberlain creed. By contrast, I rather fancy that Lord Hailsham was never in direct contact with Joseph Chamberlain. Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, who lost his seat at the recent election; Sir Fabian Ware, once a schoolteacher and now in control, to his great credit, of the War Graves; Lord Chaplin, son of the "Old Squire," and brother-in-law of Lord Londonderry; Lord Lloyd, who has not a single grey hair in his head, despite the gruelling jobs he has held; Lord Queenborough, who is the father of Miss Dorothy Paget; Sir Montague Barlow, who lost his seat at Salford in 1931 and who, beginning life as a lawyer, became the head of Sotheby's; Sir James Fortescue-Flannery, who knows all about the bottoms of ships; Mr. J. C. Williams, who is a very big shot in Birmingham; two editors and a past editor in Mr. J. L. Garvin, Mr. A. J. Gwynne, and Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld; Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, who was Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1895 to 1900; and Lord Winterton, M.P., who, as Lord Turnour, was the baby of the House of Commons, are enthusiastic members.

Russell
Lord Leconfield

Hay Wrightson
Sir Montague Barlow

NATURALLY the laws of survival mean that direct contact with Joseph Chamberlain will be waning every year, until finally there will be nobody left who knew him personally. The five or six speeches delivered at the annual dinner, however, are excellent, and are said to be among the best political orations of the year.

I should also have mentioned among the distinguished membership Lord Ancaster, Lord Daryngton, Sir Basil Peto, who is a member of the Committee, Sir Archibald Weigall, Sir Herbert Cayzer, and the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Debutantes of 1936

Photographs by Anthony, Bassano, Lenare, and Fayer of Vienna

Miss Anne Stuart Anderson

Above: Anne Stuart Anderson's second name comes from her grandfather, the late General Stuart Anderson, who was a son of Sir George Anderson, Governor of Mauritius. Her father is James Stuart Anderson, the philatelist, of Hinton House, Hampshire; Anne Anderson was seventeen this month

Miss Anna Minshull-Ford

Anna Minshull-Ford left school at Christmas to join the debutantes of this quiet, Courtless season; she is Major-General John Minshull-Ford's seventeen-year-old daughter; her father had a distinguished war record (D.S.O. and M.C.); her mother was Dorothy Harmood-Banner, sister of the present baronet

Miss Gillian Strutt

Gillian Strutt is the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Chelsea home—43, Draycott Place; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Strutt. Her father is a son of the late Hon. Edward Strutt; her mother (who was Amélie Devas) will give a dance for her on the 25th of next month

Miss Elena Walford de Bourbon

Right: Elena and Maria Walford de Bourbon are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Walford, of 22, Kensington Palace Gardens. Mrs. Walford is the Duquesa de Marchena in her own right; she inherited the title from her mother, the late Lady Zaharoff, who was a de Marchena before her first marriage to the Duke of Villafranca de los Caballeros

Miss Maria Walford de Bourbon

Dog Days

Artist F. L. Lowen Mildly Reminisces Over Cruft's

The Indifference of Complete Self-Confidence

Poodle Faking

Judging a Pointer; Even a Golfer's Stance Couldn't Matter More

The Judge's Nightmare — Choosing a Champion of Champions

A Villain at Home

Emlyn Williams and his Wife and Son

Left: Rouson's sketch shows Emlyn Williams holding a hat-box of sinister content; this is how he appears in his own play, "Night Must Fall," now in its eighth month at the Duchess: a thriller with something the others haven't got

Emlyn Williams holds the Typewriter for young Alan

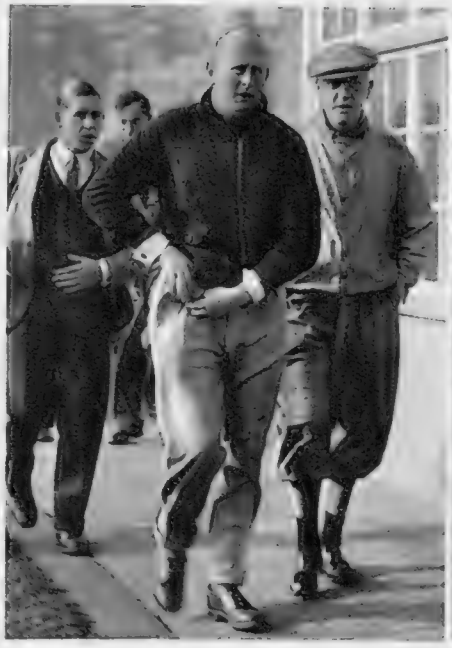
EMLYN WILLIAMS went up to Oxford not so long ago (last decade, in fact) with the idea of becoming a schoolmaster, but his success in the O.U.D.S. turned his eyes to the stage. His part in "And So To Bed" proved to London, and later to America, that he was an actor of promise. Nor did he belie this promise in "On the Spot" or "The Case of the Frightened Lady," the latter both on stage and screen. As early as 1928 he appeared to London in one of his own plays—"Glamour," again in "Port Said," again in "Spring, 1600," and finally he achieves his most conspicuous success as Danny in "Night Must Fall," a piece which he has written round the character of a murderous young megolomaniac. Emlyn Williams speaks five languages—his English has a pleasant Welsh intonation—and he has acted in Italian and French. Known best in sinister or villainous rôles, this thirty-one-year-old playwright leads his private life with his wife and son Alan in their Ebury Street home

Photographs by Swaebe

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Psychology of Foursome Play

A. E. Rowlands (Sandy Lodge, who with Lt.-Col. Haughton finished 1 up), Mr. E. M. Smith and Mr. W. Kerr (Oxhey) are marking up their scores in the Herts County Alliance at Sandy Lodge



Mr. F.E. Townson (Harpenden Common) and Mr. Goodfellow (Brookman's Park) were at Sandy Lodge in the sunshine which greeted the Herts Alliance match

Mr. Gradwell and Mr. Gerard Quinn made one of the amateur couples at Sandy Lodge. They represented the Moor Park Club

"OH, yes; I grant you he is a very good player in a single, or in a four-ball match, but he is hopeless in a foursome. It is impossible for anyone to win a foursome with him as a partner."

How often you hear these remarks, and it is strange on how many occasions they are fair comment. There are innumerable cases of golfers who are very good players, but for some unknown reasons cannot play even reasonably well in a foursome, and who also have the gift of putting their partners off, as well as playing badly themselves.

On the other hand, there are certain players who, although not particularly good golfers, make admirable foursome partners and always play well in them, besides giving their partners confidence and encouragement. It is far more important in a foursome to have a knowledge of your partner's temperament and character than of his or her golfing ability. The good foursome player sums up his partners immediately, and knows how to treat each individual in order to get the best out of him or her.

SOME partners you have to keep patting on the back and saying, "Good shot, old man (or old girl)!" whenever they hit a reasonably good shot, and "No one could possibly hit a good shot out of a lie like that" whenever they play a bad shot. On the other hand, it may be advisable to curse some partners judiciously. If you praise the partner who should be cursed it does just as much harm to your side as if you curse the partner who thrives on "Good shot, old man (or old girl)!"

It is really most difficult to understand how it is that some players make good foursome partners, while others not only do not, but obviously never will.

IF you are playing with a gutless partner, your tactics should be very different from playing with a partner who has guts. With a gutless partner it is essential that you should not be down early in the round and that towards the end of the match you should not leave him or her pitches over bunkers or four-feet putts, while with the partner with guts it may pay to be down early in the round as this is likely to put your partner on his mettle and awaken his fighting spirit. I know of one very good player who has reached the final of the Amateur Championship and who, if three up at the sixth hole, generally slacks off and often gets beaten; while if he is three down at the sixth hole he buckles to and usually wins.

FOURSOME play is most heart-breaking, when your partner is playing perfectly, if you yourself cannot hit a shot and cannot get going. An International golfer who seldom plays now, when he was playing very well and his partner in a foursome was playing bad shot after bad shot, used to miss a shot deliberately, as he held the opinion that this would make his partner feel that he was not solely responsible for being down, and that it would give him the necessary confidence to play better golf himself.

It is extraordinary how often two first-class players get beaten in a foursome by two fairly good players. You will see numerous examples of this if you look through the results in the Halford Hewitt Cup and the Worplesdon Foursomes. In these competitions you will find players who are very strong on paper meeting with little success, while other pairs which, on paper, look innocuous, win match after match. I think the reason for this is that one pair is a team and the other a collection of two good players.

N. F. Hunter (handicap plus 3) and Mornington Cannon (handicap 8) before the war used to make a very strong foursome combination, who could and did beat on numerous occasions pairs each member of which was handicapped at scratch or better. The vanquished in these matches used to complain very often of Cannon's handicap, but it was correct, and this was proved when he played his own ball, as he was always rather short off the tee.

Cannon was an extremely accurate striker of the ball with all his clubs, and had few superiors at the approach shots and fewer still on the green. With Hunter's length from the tee and through the green, there were few holes which even in those days he and Cannon could not reach in two shots, and when Cannon drove he very often holed the putt for a three.

AFTER the war a most successful foursome combination was Colonel J. S. Hughes and Captain Dan Peploe, who for many years won match after match for Eton in the Halford Hewitt Cup Competition. Colonel Hughes and Captain Peploe defeated in foursomes players whom either of them would have had little hope of beating in singles.

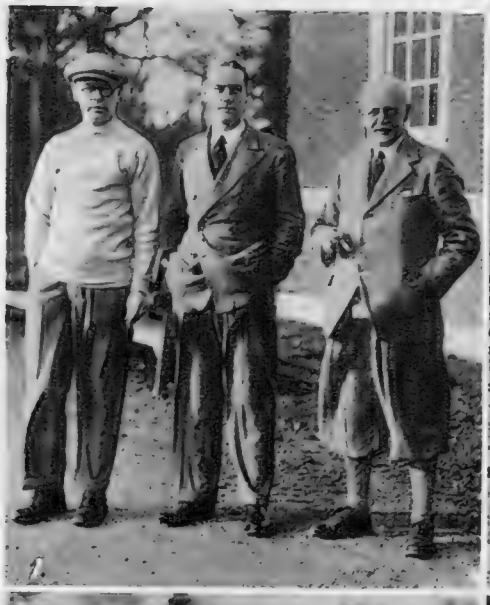
There is little doubt that a foursome pair should be a team just as much as any collection of players at other games, and it is to a large extent the team spirit which is responsible for victories of the "on paper" underdogs.

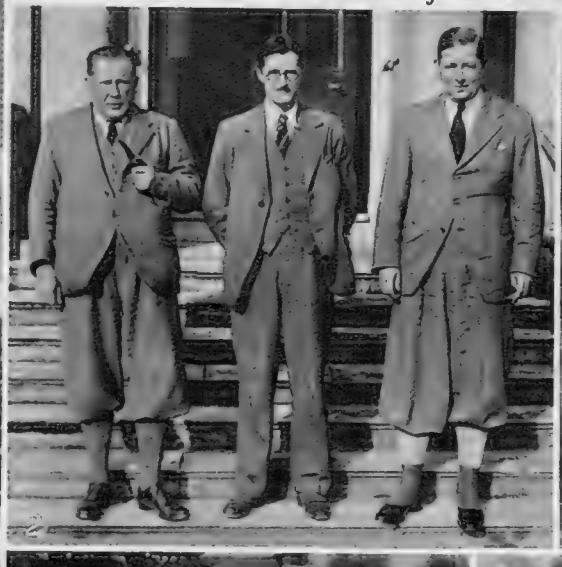
The exception to team work in foursomes is the United States Walker Cup team. Americans seldom play foursomes, and their foursome pairs in the Walker Cup match have little practice together, and yet they get good results in the foursome stages of this match. I think this is due to the fact that the leading amateurs of the United States possess better golfing temperaments than their opponents in Walker Cup matches.

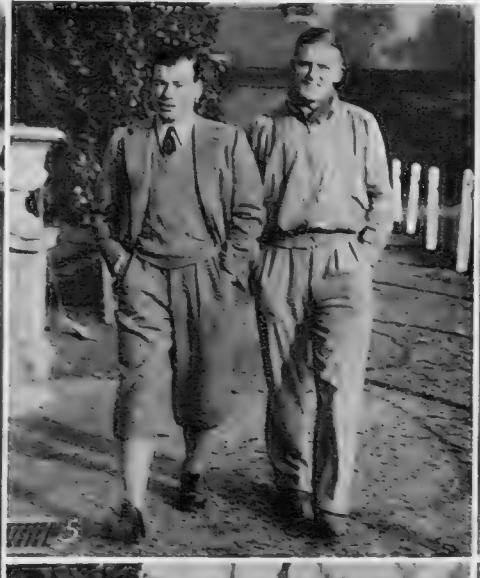
Golf Clubs at Home

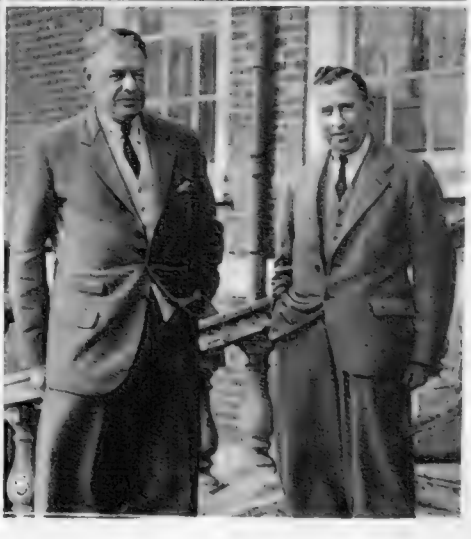
Royal Blackheath Club, Eltham

A View of the Club-house









(1) J. C. Godby (committee member), H. R. J. Rhys (captain) and Major Tucker, M.C. (secretary). (2) W. O. Willis, K.C. (ex-captain and committee), J. B. A. Parrish and G. P. Thornton. (3) G. W. Offenden (committee member) and Col. Cloete, C.B.E. (4) G. S. Hunot and F. W. Farrington (ex-captain). (5) J. G. Edmiston and C. A. S. Ducker. (6) A. G. S. Knight and Capt. Sherman. (7) P. E. V. Goodson and R. Hopwood. (8) F. D. Bartlett and W. C. Thomas (professional)

A Little Air Liner

By Charles Ward

Mr. C. V. Appleby in the "Flying Flea" in which he flew from Lympne to St. Inglevert (near Calais) in thirty-five minutes. It is a single-seater with an engine of 30 horse-power

The "Dragonfly" by de Havilland

In presenting the "Dragonfly" as the owner-pilot's ideal for 1936, de Havilland's have drawn on a wealth of experience which is unequalled. No other company has produced so many successful types for civil as opposed to military flying, the "Moth" and "Dragon" being particular successes known and flown throughout the world. The "Dragonfly" is a side-by-side dual-control five-seater, with a cruising range of nearly 900 miles at a speed of 125 miles an hour. Two Gipsy Majors of the type that has ten Atlantic crossings to its credit, quite apart from hundreds of thousands of hours on more prosaic journeys, give the new 'plane practical immunity from forced landings, for it can fly with full load on one engine at a height of not less than 2000 feet. Comfortable travel with economy has been achieved; the cabin is 10 feet long, 5 feet high, and more than 4 feet wide. Everyone has a good view and a new system of sound-proofing makes the cabin as quiet as could be desired. Standard equipment includes every normal requirement—a full set of instruments, navigation lights, a head-light with generator and battery. At a price of £2650, the "Dragonfly" is full value for money—an air liner in miniature. The commercial "Comet" for passengers and mails should be flying at Hatfield quite shortly. Designed for a top speed of 240 miles an hour with 1600 h.p., it will be the fastest British air liner in production.

Learning to Fly

Although the Schools do not, as a rule, expect a rush of pupils until the Spring, this year finds them extremely busy before the end of February. At Hamble, 1400 hours were flown during January, 104 of which were flown in one day to make up for lost time due to wet weather. Six pupils from home and seven from the Dominions started the commercial course in the middle of last month, with pupils from Persia and France as recruits to the foreign colony. Brooklands is another hive of activity, with a dozen new pupils to cope with during the first fortnight of this month. The En-Tout-Cas Company is tackling the drainage problem, the surface of the aerodrome having suffered badly during the recent wet spell.

The R.A.F. in the News

The Royal Air Force certainly gets its share of attention these days—what with Supplementary Estimates and questions in the House, leading articles and mock bomb raids, the air 's the thing! Aircraft taking part in the recent exercises included the Hawker "Hart" light bombers for daylight raids, the Heyford for night work, and the Boulton Paul "Overstrand" for what are known as half-light missions.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Women's Golf:

Getting Going

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

This letter is not a continuation of last week's, nor even a reply to anybody who thought my ideas on the subject of starting the season all wrong.

It is a note of admiration for Yorkshire County's enterprise in fixing competitions so early as the third week of February. Time was when players in that county said it was impossible to touch the game before April, that Southerners did not realise Northern conditions, and so forth and so on. But now, here is Yorkshire leading the way, though actually, when the day came, a fresh fall of snow made it needful to postpone play, just as the indomitable Kent had to wait to get started with their Foursomes.

Of course, Moortown and Sandmoor, where Yorkshire were to compete in two divisions, are dry: golf can be played in comfort and pleasure there, when some other clubs can offer members no attraction except bridge, and the latest gossip. It was real bad luck that play there was made impossible at the last moment.

It has never struck me until this minute, but is an explanation of why so many Northern clubs offer much more comfort in their ladies' quarters than do Southern ones to be found in these bad weather conditions, which drive players indoors, and make them more appreciative of pleasant sitting-rooms, charmingly furnished?

Sandmoor has been practically rebuilt since the N.P.F.A. competition was held there during Northern Foursomes of 1933, and by now, doubtless, it is one of the last words in comfort. Moortown has delightful ladies' rooms; so has Alwoodley, to mention another near neighbour. You will find them full of flowers, with pictures on the wall that are worth looking at more than once, even, maybe, a few books, not only papers—stale or fresh.

Down round London. . . . Dear me, this is thorny ground. I was just going to suggest that you should think of two clubs with indisputably top rank courses where the ladies' sitting-rooms are really miserable, but I should hate to be coldly received the next time I go to either, since I have a great liking for them both—as courses. But, compared with Yorkshire sitting-rooms, they are as third-class on a Channel steamer to first-class on a Cunarder.

Naturally, the course matters more than the clubhouse; that goes almost without saying, but there does seem a good deal to be said for the standard of space, comfort and attractiveness to be found in many Northern clubhouses, and conspicuously absent in some Southern.

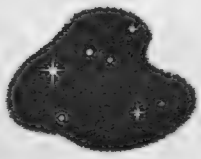
All over the country conditions this month have so far been miserable, if not impossible, for golf. That is apparent in the number—or, rather, lack of number—of cards for Bystander spoons that have reached the office so far. No doubt they will come in with a rush before the first of March, but at present only the Indian mail has been really busy.

From India, by the way, comes news that Mrs. Marr has won the Championship of the country, at Calcutta, she having been runner-up last year. As Hilda Cameron, Mrs. Marr was twice Scottish runner-up, and one of the most brilliant players that Lossiemouth ever produced; one can well believe that she would take a good deal of stopping, even under such conditions so different to Moray as those offered by Royal Calcutta.

To return to Bystander spoons. Do you realise that Miss Nora Williams, who lives at Mansfield, and plays at The Sherwood Forest, and sometimes at Coxmoor, has now won a round dozen of them, all in the Silver Division? That is a great feat. So it is to have tied, as she has done, for the Bystander Yearly Cup both of the last two years. A little bit of luck, and one, or both, of the ties would have been hers. Perhaps 1936 will do that much for her.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.



NIGHT MUST FALL...

and so, decoratively to bed in the sweeping luxury of silver-grey chiffon. A scarf of deep purple velvet glowing at your throat is echoed by velvet wristlets restraining billowy sleeves—here's beauty and freedom you'll never wish to lose. Negligée Nightgown 7½ gns.

Harrods

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"Rugby Is So Rough . ."

At the break-up of this scrum between Mary's and Charing Cross in the Hospitals' Cup, everyone seems to be in the wrong place, as well as the ball. Charing Cross suffered a heavy defeat by six goals and nine tries (57 points) to nothing. At one period of the game, 24 points were scored in as many minutes

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

This Too-Extended Season

So the Rugby Union have graciously extended the season until May 2nd, in consideration of the stoppages which have interfered with the programme this year. A horrible prospect, it seems to me: a perpetuation of anti-climax; a dragging-out of a season which is already far too long.

I know all the arguments—the Rugby Union have acted with the best possible intentions, and I dare say they are perfectly right. Clubs have suffered severe losses financially through the cancellation of fixtures, and programmes have become considerably entangled in one way and another. I should not have thought, though, that many spectators will turn up to club matches in April. Even the enthusiast has had enough football by then, and it is quite certain that the players will be too jaded to produce football of high quality. April is hardly the month for sitting in grand-stands. There are other things to do in the Spring—why, cricket will be almost upon us then—a happy thought, indeed.

Still, there it is. For good or evil the oval ball will be kicked until May, and I hope grounds will be reasonably accommodating.

King's Beat London—

—In the first round of the Hospitals' Cup at Richmond, a game notable for good tackling and strong forward play. The latter can be seen in this picture, where a quickly broken scrum is well up on the ball. Result: King's, 14 points; London, 4

What is a little disturbing about the whole business is the fact that so many clubs appear to be hard up. This is particularly so in the London area, where competition is strenuous. It is an old story—the distraction caused by big matches at Twickenham after Christmas, the close proximity of several leading clubs, but there is room yet for improvement and collaboration in the arrangement of fixtures.

Several times this year there has been a downright glut of big matches on the same Saturday in London. Big provincial clubs like Bristol and Gloucester have been playing in town, and spectators have found it difficult to decide where to go. It is surely possible to avoid this clashing of fixtures, though I realise that it means co-operation between harassed club secretaries.

There is not a great Rugby public in London. That is a fact we must face. Plenty of Londoners are interested in the game, but they are content to watch the big matches at Twickenham.

If we recognise this, it is only commonsense to decide that the available spectators should be shared, so to speak.

What a curse money is, to be sure! It is a factor, for all that, even in so proudly amateur a game as Rugby football, and anyone who realises the cost of upkeep for a first-class ground will know the reason why.

Putting filthy lucre on one side for the moment, I am interested to find how much opinion is swinging towards the abolition of forward specialisation. I keep meeting knowledgeable followers of the game who say: "Isn't it about time we gave up all this talk about hookers? We don't need any of this fancy stuff—what we do need is forwards who will shove." "First up, first down"—that seems to be the cry, and it takes me back to my schooldays.

At one very well known Rugby school—I will not be certain which one it was—the games master used to parade on Big Side with a cane, and the last forward to pack down was apt to receive a smart cut to remind him not to lag. It may seem too drastic in these gentler days, but there is no doubt, to my mind, that we should return to the first up, first down principle in the public schools.

Possibly we shall be reassured about forward play during the coming weeks, for we have the Services' matches ahead of us, and one or two International contests of great promise. I gather that the demand for Calcutta Cup match tickets at Twickenham has broken all records, partly because applications had to be in before England played Ireland. I have heard people wondering, after that débacle, whether they would go to the Calcutta Cup match after all, but I think such doubts are unworthy. I am convinced that the England team is capable of grand football, and there is a very special incentive to do well against Scotland.

Incidentally, a reader asks me to define the difference between spoiling and tackling, since an Irish team, when it beats England, is always said to win by spoiling, whereas an English team which holds Ireland is invariably complimented on its magnificent tackling. As Artemus Ward would have said, this is clearly "writ sarkastic," but there is a distinction and a difference. I do not necessarily apply the terms to Ireland or any other team, but by spoiling we mean lying right up, sometimes well off-side while the ball is in the scrummage, ready to pounce upon the opposing backs and snuff their attack out altogether. Spoiling, in fact, is a system of defence which you may approve or dislike, whereas tackling is simply the act of bringing down a running opponent. I hope, sir, I make myself clear.

REPUTATION

"BENGER'S FOOD HAS BY ITS EXCELLENCE ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION OF ITS OWN."—*British Medical Journal.* **It excels as a light diet in temporary sickness, and as a Food which quickly restores and soothes the overstrained, worried, or sleepless. Benger's Food is specially suited to the needs of backward or ailing children, invalids, aged persons, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or other cause. Every case of under-nourishment is a case for Benger's Food. In the crisis of illness Benger's is invaluable and is frequently the only food prescribed.** *THE PRACTITIONER says:*—**"THE MEDICAL PROFESSION REALISES BETTER THAN OTHERS HOW LARGE A PROPORTION OF THE POPULATION OWE THEIR LIVES TO BENGER'S FOOD."**

Benger's Food should not be confused with beverage preparations. It is a highly nutritious Food rich in the essentials necessary to sustain life. The self-digestive action converts both the Benger's Food and the milk into a delicious food cream. The extent of self-digestion is easily regulated, thus enabling Benger's Food to be prepared suitably for an Infant, Invalid or Aged Person.

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A Little Air Liner

(*Continued from page 366*)

The latter type is notable chiefly for its mechanically operated gun-turret, which makes it ugly to look at, and equally ugly to attack. Even at speeds in excess of 200 m.p.h. the gunner has only to aim his weapon and the mechanism does all the work. Without such a device, operation of a forward gun by manual movement against the tremendous pressure of air is almost impossible, and accurate aim would be out of the question. Amongst the fighters the most spectacular was the Gloster "Gauntlet" which can climb to 20,000 feet in nine minutes, has a speed well over 200 m.p.h. and carries two guns, wireless, oxygen apparatus, four bombs and petrol for several hours patrol. Its successor, the "Gladiator," now in production under the Expansion Scheme, is even more powerful, being equipped with four machine guns and attaining a maximum speed of 264 m.p.h. Still higher speeds will be needed to catch the latest bombers from Bristol, the prototype of which is known as "Britain First" and was presented by Lord Rothermere to the Air Ministry. At a demonstration last week this 'plane took off, flew 50 miles, made its circuit and landed in an over-all time of 13 minutes—on this short journey it was full-out at 280 miles an hour.

At Heston

PRACTICALLY every new device for the safety or economy of air transport is tried out at Heston before being adopted elsewhere. They are good pickers and have taken the lead in fitting the Lorenz blind landing equipment, which has been a success on the Continent and will add greatly to the efficiency of Heston. A Puss Moth belonging to Standard Telephones and Cables has been fitted with that Company's receiving apparatus and is being used for tests and demonstrations. Business at the Airport in January showed an increase of 31 per cent. on the figures for the same month last year—this in spite of most unattractive flying weather. What are known as aircraft movements—being a landing or a take-off—totalled more than 1600, excluding school flying.

A close-up of the two-seater Aeronca Jap with Mr. David Llewellyn in the cabin. It has a forty horse-power engine

A

BENTLEY

ANNOUNCEMENT

In response to a frequently expressed wish for a Bentley car with an engine of larger capacity, the Company, after prolonged and exhaustive tests, has decided to offer the chassis with an engine of 4¼-litre capacity as an alternative to the 3½-litre engine. The Chassis in other respects remains the same.

Extra charge for chassis with 4¼-litre engine . . . . . £50.

The Company, therefore, are now able to accept orders for cars or chassis with engines of either 3½-litre or 4¼-litre capacity, as follows:—

3½-litre	Chassis	£1,100	
	Saloon	£1,460	
	Coupe	£1,485	
4¼-litre	Chassis	£1,150	
	Saloon	£1,510	
	Coupe	£1,535	

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MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4 Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5 Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6 MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8 Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20 César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22 Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25 CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29 International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5 Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1 GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2 Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4 Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8 GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10 GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13 Motor Races; Prince Rainier Cup & GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29 Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15 Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.
HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

The vogue of Paris . . .

Checks

Tailor-made Coat and Skirt . . . by Debenhams

. . .

The finger-length coat of chessboard check cut very full from a deep yoke, wide sleeves and collar turned back with tweed to match the plain skirt. Made to order from - - 16½ Gns.

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Max Factor at Work on Ida Lupino

The Editor's Box

A New Beauty Salon

Hot from beautifying the most famous lovelies of the Hollywood studios, comes Max Factor, to set up a British branch of his famous cosmetic organisation.

"British women do not fully understand the art of make-up," says Mr. Factor, but, if this is true, they will soon have the chance of learning under his tuition.

The English Spa

Exactly a hundred years ago, a cholera epidemic swept over the Worcestershire town of Droitwich. It was noticed that sufferers bathing in the local and natural brine springs received the benefit of not only antiseptic powers, but of resistance to the plague.

A certain Dr. Ricketts set up brine baths in his sanatorium; his success attracted the attention of a Dr. Hastings.

Now Dr. Hastings was much more than a provincial practitioner. He was the founder of the British Medical Association, and through his experiments on the waters, Droitwich gained a nation-wide reputation.

In this way, eighty years ago, the foundations were laid of one of England's foremost spas. Modern scientific methods have strengthened the claim of the brine to cure evils brought on by the peculiar climate of this island. Scientists will be glad to know that the temperature of the springs is 45° F. (7·2° C.), the brine itself being sterile and containing 30% of common salt. It is radio-active, too.

For the lay mind, it is enough to know that Droitwich offers reclining baths, douche sprays, Nauheim baths, electro-medical treatments, massage clinics—in short, palliatives and cures for rheumatism, gout and other popular curses. Besides this, there is a charmingly laid out town, good hotels and pleasant parks in the heart of England.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (14th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1936, will be held at Seacroft, Skegness, Lincolnshire, by kind invitation, March 31st to April 3rd. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: MISS MARY JOHNSON and MISS BARBARA LEES.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the Seacroft Hotel, Skegness.

SPECIAL TERMS:

17s. 6d. each per day, inclusive, or 14s. without lunch and tea.

Other hotels: **County Hotel, Crown Hotel,** and **Vine Hotel**, all 14s. inclusive.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (5th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. SWINSCOE.

In conjunction with the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Seacroft during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lincolnshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, March 31st, to Friday, April 3rd, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Seacroft, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, March 13th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before March 13th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SEACROFT — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fourteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, March 13

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Seacroft, on March 31st, 1936, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or, after March 27th, to Seacroft Hotel, Skegness. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Skegness, 52.

Catalogues on Application.

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The top hat is in a lovely shade of pale Beige and the under of duck egg Blue, finished with ribbon in two shades.
This hat can be supplied in all sizes, also any colour, to order in 7 days.
These hats have the utility of a helmet with the becoming lines of a soft felt.
Double Terais cleaned and remodelled 25/-
A large selection of helmets and Terais always in stock.
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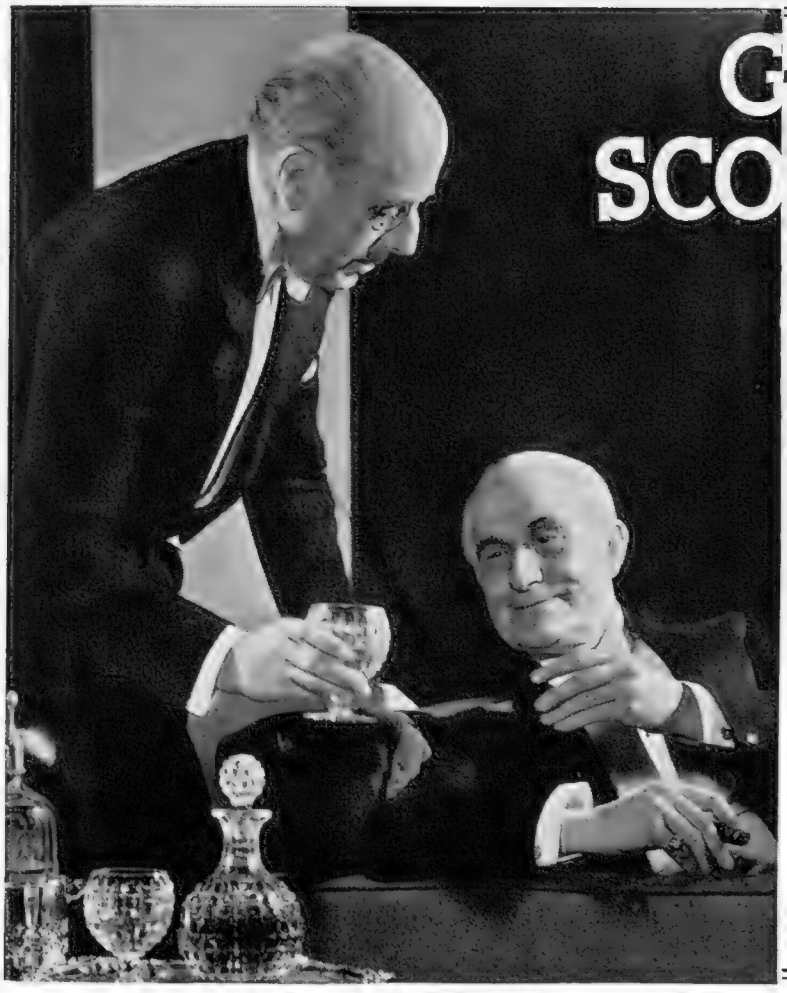

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Modern Aids to Beauty

Tattoo Your Lips

EVERY woman who has used Tattoo lipstick will appreciate its rare qualities. Not only does it impart a rich, transparent stain, but it is practically everlasting, and so easy to use. Just put it on, let it set, and pat it off. Nothing remains but an exotic glow. It is sold nearly everywhere, and costs 4s. 6d. There are four shades to choose from: "Coral," an orangy pink for blondes and Titian hair; "Exotic," a brilliant shade almost impossible to describe; and "Natural," for the brunette. This is a medium colour which is very becoming. Then there is "Pastel," which is of the type that changes colour when applied, and consequently suits nearly everyone. It is unusually transparent and arresting.

A Tonic for Tired Glands

AFTER years of experimenting, it has been discovered that glands functioning normally lend youth and beauty to the skin, but when they become tired and relaxed, as they do at this time of year, the complexion immediately suffers. It is excellent news, therefore, that Dubarry have created a new cream called "Nuglandin" which is richly endowed with nourishing properties for balancing the action of glands. It should be applied generously at night, after cleansing, and allowed to remain for an hour or two, so that it can sink deep into the pores and perform its stimulating work. The effect even after one application is very remarkable, and there is no doubt that with regular treatment a tired, weatherbeaten skin will soon regain its youthful bloom "Nuglandin" is sold in jars at 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

A Parade of Fashion

AN extremely interesting Fashion Parade was held at the British Industries Fair this year, and met with an enthusiastic welcome. Many new and lovely Celanese fabrics were used for frocks designed by well-known couturières. Among these was an ultra-smart tailored frock and swagger coat, carried out in Celanese Chevron Tweed, and a navy blue suit in Honeycomb crêpe with a divided skirt and jacket with sliding fastener. It was interesting to note that Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, provided all the models with appropriate shoes. These included black and silver sandals for evening, Court shoes in pleated antelope for day, and perforated hunting calf strap shoes for sports wear

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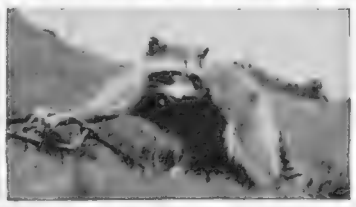

How can you wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?

Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Adets.

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

What's On *(Continued from page D)*

CONCERTS *(Continued)*

Orchestral and Choral

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts and William Primrose plays solo in Walton's Viola Concerto; also Beethoven, Schubert and Sibelius: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 27th, 8.15.

BACH CHOIR.—With the L.P.O., conducted by Reginald Jacques, in Mozart's "Requiem" and Vaughan Williams' "Sancta Civitas"; soloists—Ina Souez, Astra Desmond, Henry Wendon, and Paul Schöffler: Queen's Hall, Mon., March 2nd, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back in London with some fetching new songs; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies of 1936 are here—Hollywood Starlets, Florine McKinney, a dancer and a funny turn; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Howell and Harger are dancing in the "Jardin Fleuri" cabaret; Vic Oliver compères; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1

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MOON AND MOTHER

THE Fable about the Moon and her Mother runs like this: the Moon once asked her Mother to make her a little Cloak that would fit her well. 'How,' replied she, 'can I make you a cloak to fit you, who are a New Moon, and then a Full Moon, and then again neither one nor the other?'

Sizes have always been a matter of fable and fact, and in days not so long ago it was like asking for 'the Man in the Moon' for a woman who was not stock size to choose satisfactory ready-to-wear clothes.

That, however, belongs to the past, and the scope of the Marshall & Snelgrove Organisation is such that women of all sizes can be fitted with a certainty of satisfaction.

Marshall & Snelgrove have special departments for small sizes and large sizes, also for Debutantes and Matrons.

They have, in fact, departments for every fashion need.

Please call and see the new Spring Collections or write for copies of the new brochures.

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WHAT could be smarter than a check Cardigan worn with a plain skirt. It is in wool and a product of Marshall's Newquay Factory. It comes in black/white, navy/white, laval, green and nut-brown. Stocked in S.W., W. and W.X. sizes. Don't you think it is remarkably inexpensive at 94'6

FROM THE KNIT-WEAR SALON, FIRST FLOOR.

• GETTING MARRIED :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Douglas

Mary Peech

Is the daughter of the late Percy Peech, of Rhodesia, and Mrs. Peech, of 15, Pond Place, Chelsea; she is engaged to Anthony Colmore, only son of Mr. Bagot Colmore, of The White House, Bevere, Worcestershire

Kay Vaughan

Evelyn Perry

Evelyn Frances Mary Perry has become engaged to Kenneth Livingston Macassey, eldest son of Sir Lynden Macassey, K.B.E., K.C., and Lady Macassey, of 95, Sloane Street; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Perry, of Barton House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire

Pearl Freeman

Yvonne Gray

Has become engaged to J. G. Atkinson, only son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Atkinson and the Hon. Mrs. Atkinson, of Hollybrook, Folkestone; she is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gray, of Yeomans, Great Chart, Ashford, Kent

Navana

Pauline Whichcote

Pauline Clare Whichcote is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Whichcote, of Aswarby Park, Sleaford, Lincs.; her engagement is announced to Edward Playne, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Playne, of Springfield, Minchinhampton

Elliott and Fry

Marjorie Bowman

Is the youngest daughter of the late Major Bowman and Mrs. Bowman, of the Red House, Barham, Canterbury; she is engaged to Oliver Jelf Grace, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grace, of Charles Oak, Chevening, Kent

Lenare

Elizabeth Baring-Gould

Elizabeth Lorna Baring-Gould is the daughter of the late Julian Baring-Gould and Mrs. Baring-Gould, of Creech, St. Michael, Taunton; she is engaged to Maurice Raymond Mattock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mattock, of Taunton

Navana

Barbara Maples

Has become engaged to Joseph Gundry, only son of Major and Mrs. Gundry, of The Hyde, Bridport, Dorset; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Maples, of 12, Cleveland Square, W.2

Pearl Freeman

Bridget Hill

Is the only daughter of Maj.-Gen. Walter Hill, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hill, of The Heymersh, Britford, Salisbury; she is engaged to Capt. Charles Phipps, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Phipps, of 11, Hervey Road, Blackheath

Lenare

Monica Parkinson

Is engaged to Peter Robert Ashburner, second son of the late Lieut.-Col. Ashburner, D.S.O., M.V.O.; she is the younger daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Parkinson, and niece of Mrs. Russell-Clarke, of 74, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7

Lenare

Esher Bowly

Is the elder daughter of Col. W. A. T. Bowly, C.V.O., C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Bowly, of Woodend, Farnborough, Hants; she is engaged to William Hall Jackson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, late of Aketon Close, Spofforth

Speaight

Hambro — Wallenberg

Charles Hambro, son of Sir Eric and Lady Hambro, and Mrs. Dorothy Wallenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackay, of Glencruitten, Oban, Scotland, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. Cynthia and Diana Hambro, the groom's daughters, were bridesmaids, and Major Dugdale, M.P., was best man

McKean — Bellairs

John McKean, R.N., of Hooton Chase, Cheshire, son of the late John McKean, and Bice Bellairs, elder daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Bellairs, of Wyvenhoe, Farnham Royal, Bucks, were married at Farnham Royal Church

Daniell — Oldfield

Erroll Daniell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Daniell, of Kenbury, Rotherfield, Sussex, married Beatrice Oldfield, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Oldfield, of Colombo, Ceylon, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Ley — Wills

Aimée Hyacinth Melville Wills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wills, of Sherfield Court, Basingstoke, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Hugh Marlborough Hale Ley, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Ley, of Yateley, Hants

Grant — Platt

At St. Mary's Church, Reigate, Surrey, Robert Sturge Grant, of the Royal Engineers and Sydney Joan Platt, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Platt, of High Hurst, Reigate Hill, Surrey, were married

Threlfall — Lyle

Thora Lyle-Samuel, only daughter of Mr. Alexander Lyle-Samuel, of New York, and the late Mrs. Lyle-Samuel, was married at St. Clement Dane's Church to Michael Threlfall, youngest son of the late Sir Richard and Lady Threlfall, of Edgbaston, Birmingham

Swan — Waterlow

Sheriton Clements Swan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheriton Swan, of Broomley Grange, Stocksfield, Northumberland, and Rosalind Maitland Waterlow, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Waterlow, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Barclay — Whittington

Frederick James Barclay, of Palace Court, London, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Barclay, and Dorothy Mary Whittington, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julien Whittington, of Ashour, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Cave — Perceval

At St. James's, Spanish Place, Margaret Perceval, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Westby Perceval, of Dunclutha, North Park, Eltham, was married to Richard Cave, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cave, of Stoner Hill, Petersfield

Fleury — Morton

Hugo Wilfrid Marlay Fleury, of Northdown, Heathfield, Sussex, eldest son of Capt. A. M. and the late Mrs. Fleury, and Betty Constance Morton, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Morton, of Grovehurst, Pembury, Kent, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 26—March 3

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CATILINE.—Henrik Ibsen's first play is translated into smooth English verse, spoken by ancient Romans in a character drama: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—This play continues in its mystifying way; Frank Vosper heads the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.—Auden and Isherwood's piece about a pilgrim in modern Europe mixes farce and doggerel with satire and poetry. Capital fun if you take your brains with you: Westminster, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This Chinese charmer looks as if it will outlive the Art Exhibition. Carol Coombe is Precious Stream in S. I. Hsiung's play: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Last four days of Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair, Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—The success of this play about Napoleon postpones its withdrawal for a week (till Saturday, 29th): Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—This "thriller" returns to London with Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova in their old parts: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey wrote this new musical play about the Australian goldfields of 1870. Doris Zinkeisen did the décor, and Alice Delysia will act in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 72.—This programme starts Revudeville on its fifth year, with the singer Doreen Dalton, a ballet of the "Zoo," a sketch of Roman Britain, and Hugh Rene, Edna Thompson, Doris Barry and Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Florance Desmond and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—Essentially a mirth and mystery piece. John Stuart, Charles Carson, Arthur Hardy, and Joan Carol combine the hilarity and horrors: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—One more Embassy play comes West. Messrs. Goodchild and Witty have written a piece about murder for a bet and by mistake. Robert Douglas plays in it: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PETTICOAT FEVER.—Dennis King returns to England to play a lost wireless operator whose fiancée (Jill Esmond) rescues him by 'plane, in this piece of Mark Reed's: Daly's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Jack Waller and a company complete from the U.S. present this successful American farce about a timid little man who unwillingly becomes a gangster: Wyndham's, 8.30.

First Nights

PROMISE.—The English title of Henri Bernstein's *Espoir*. Ralph Richardson is a French councillor, Madge Titheradge his wife; Edna Best and Ann Todd his daughters: Shaftesbury, Wed., 26th.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome dramatised Jane Austen's novel, Rex Whistler did the décor; Celia Johnson as Elizabeth: St. James's, Wed., 26th.

CHILDREN TO BLESS YOU.—Mary Jerrold is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy: Ambassadors, Thurs., 27th.

A DOLL'S HOUSE.—From the Cambridge Arts comes the Ibsen season, with Lydia Lopokova as Nora in the first: Criterion, Mon., March 2nd.

A WINTER'S TALE.—First night postponed until March 3rd: Old Vic.

CINEMAS

ANYTHING GOES.—Last two days of the screen version of Cole Porter's musical piece; Bing Crosby croons, and Charlie Ruggles is the crook clergyman: Plaza.

BONNE CHANCE.—Sacha Guitry wrote and directed this film in which he and Jacqueline Delubac take an unofficial honeymoon on the winnings of a lottery: Curzon.

CAPTAIN BLOOD.—Rafael Sabatini's story of a gentleman pirate in Jamaica brings a new star to the screen—Errol Flynn: New Gallery.

FRISCO KID.—Warner Brothers' story about San Francisco waterfront dens, cleaned up by sailor Cagney, with Margaret Lindsay to help: Regal.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—René Clair directed, and Robert Donat acts in this story of a ghost bought with a castle: Dominion and New Victoria.

HOHE SCHULE.—The German for Haute Ecole; is about Captain Cavelli, who does a masked riding act. Forster who played opposite Bergner in *Traumende Mund*, is the Captain: Academy.

I DREAM TOO MUCH.—Coloratura soprano Lily Pons in a musical picture of the operatic sort: Carlton.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The new Hulbert film with Robertson Hare and Gina Malo. Jack carries off improbabilities and impossibilities in high finance: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MARCH OF TIME No. 5.—And other non-fiction films, including *Hambourg's Keyboard Talk*, Disney colour symphony, magazine and news: Tatler.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy-satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

PUBLIC NUISANCE No. 1.—On the close of *Anything Goes*, this new film comes to the Plaza.

RIFF-RAFF.—Jean Harlow's new showy film, with Spencer Tracy: Empire.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come*. Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray together again in the good old stage farce: London Pavilion.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
TOSCA: to-night, 26th, 8.
THE BARTERED BRIDE: Thurs. 27th, 8.
MADAM BUTTERFLY: Fri., 28th, 8.
FAUST: Sat., 29th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
THE NURSERY SUITE, BAISER DE LA FÉE, THE JAR: Sat., 29th, 2.30.
CASSE-NOISETTE ACT III., APPARITIONS, CARNAVAL: Tues., March 3rd, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—The répertoire includes DIVERTISSEMENT, THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE, ASSASSIN AND NICOLETTE: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House, week-days, 9.30—7 (Thurs., till 10).

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

THE NUDE IN CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AND FRENCH ART.—Philpot, de Glehn, Nevinson, etc.: Leger Galleries.

CONCERTS

Recitals

LÉNER QUARTET.—The first three of six Beethoven recitals by the Hungarian ensemble at the Grotrian Hall: to-night, Feb. 26th, 8.30; Sat., Feb. 29th, 3; Mon., March 2nd, 8.30.

BUSCH QUARTET.—Three recitals at the Wigmore Hall: Quartets by Mozart (D major), Schubert (B flat major), and Beethoven (C sharp minor), Fri., 28th, 8.30; Quartets by Reger (E flat major), Hadyn (A major), and Beethoven (B flat major), Tues., March 3rd, 8.30; Fri., March 6th 8.30.

ISOLDE MENGES STRING QUARTET.—The Quartet, with Alfred de Reyghere, in a Beethoven concert—Quartet in D major, Quartet in A minor, Quintet in C major: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 29th, 3.

CORTOT.—The pianist plays for the N.S.L. concert—Schumann's "Etudes" and "Carnaval," Chopin's B flat minor Sonata and Ten Etudes: Palladium, Sun., March 1st, 3.15.

SCHNABEL.—A pianoforte recital at the Æolian Hall, Mon., March 2nd, 8.30.

ELENA GERHARDT.—Her only recital this season in the Tuesday subscription concert series—a Schubert-Brahms programme: Queen's Hall, Tues., March 3rd 8.15.

GRILLER QUARTET.—The Quartet in the R.C.M. Patron's Fund series: Wigmore Hall, Tues., March 3rd, 5.30.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Adolf Bush and Lionel Tertis are the soloists with the orchestra—Overture, Elegy and Rondo (Bax), Violin and Viola Concerto in E flat (Mozart), Symphony in E minor (Sibelius). Sir Henry Wood conducts: Queen's Hall, Wed., 26th, 8.30.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducts the choir and the L.P.O. in Bach's "St. Matthew Passion"; soloists—Elsie Suddaley, Mary Jarred, Steuart Wilson, Eric Greene, Arthur Cranmer, William Parsons: Albert Hall, Wed., 26th, 8.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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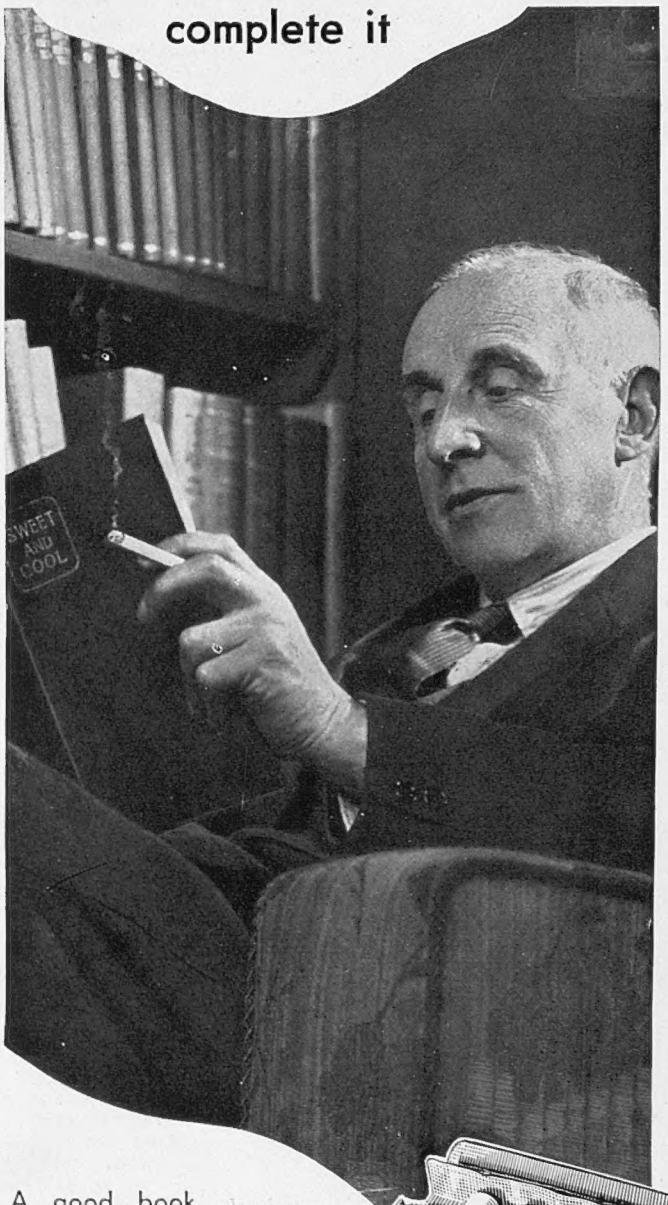

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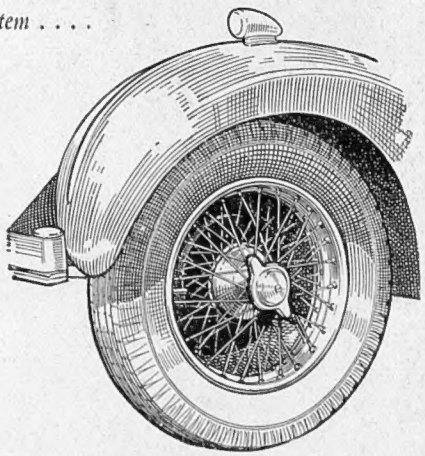

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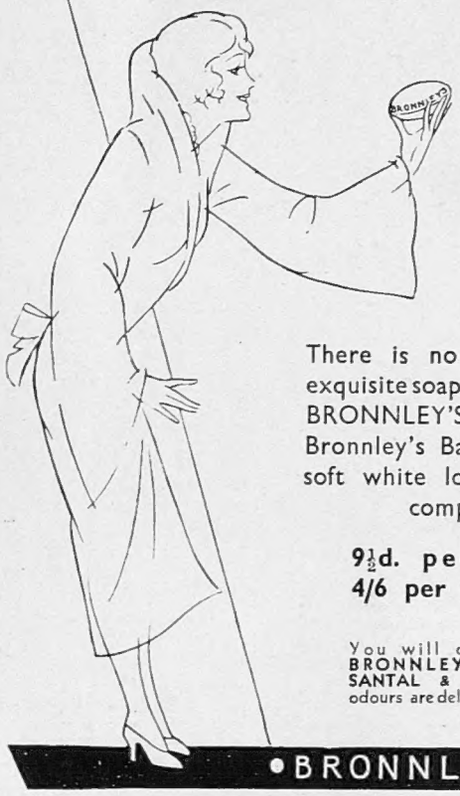

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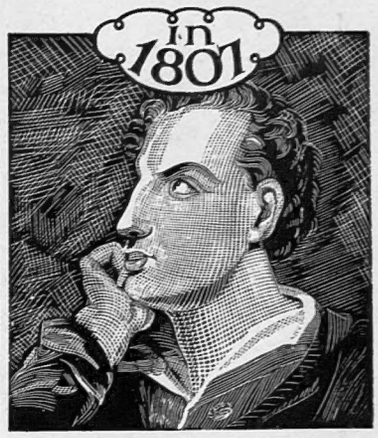

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Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

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FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

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